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BY

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

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EMILIA GALOTTI:

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

TRANSLATED FROM

THE GERMAN OF G. E. LESSING,

By FANNY HOLCROFT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HECTOR GANZA, Prince of Guastalla.

COUNT APPIANI, betrothed to EMILIA.

MARINELLI, Chamberlain to the PRINCE.

EDWARD GALOTTI, the Father of EMILIA.

CAMILLO ROTA, a Counsellor of State.

CONTI, a Painter.

ANGELO, a Bravo.

PIRRO, BATTISTA, } Domestics.

VALETS, &c.

EMILIA GALOTTI.

CLAUDIA, her Mother.

THE COUNTESS ORSINA.

EMILIA GALOTTI:

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The PRINCE's *Cabinet.* *The* PRINCE *seated at a Table, and reading Papers.*

Prince.

UNGRATEFUL task, to read endless complaints! Petitions that exceed the power of granting! Yet we are envied! Could we give satisfaction to all, our lot indeed were enviable! (*reading a signature*) Emilia? Ay, Bruneschi; not Galotti. What does she ask? (*reads*) Unreasonable! Yet her name shall gain her cause. (*signs it, and rings.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* VALET.

Prince. Are any of the counsellors without?

Valet. None, your highness.

Prince. I have risen early: 'tis a lovely morn! I'll enjoy the fresh breeze. Send for the Marquis, Marinelli. (*exit* Valet) I can read no more. A name has thrown my thoughts into confusion.

SCENE III.—*Re-enter* VALET, *bringing a Note.*

Valet. From the Countess Orsina, your highness.

Prince. The Countess? Put it down.

Valet. The courier waits.

Prince. I'll send an answer. Is she in town or country?

Valet. She arrived yesterday.

Prince. (*aside*) I'm sorry for it. (*aloud*) Dismiss the messenger. (*exit* Valet) My dear Countess, I guess the import. (*throwing the note scornfully on the table*) And yet, I thought I loved her! How the heart deceives itself! Perhaps I did. Oh, yes.

SCENE IV.—*Re-enter* VALET.

Valet. The painter, Conti——

Prince. Conti? Admit him. (*exit* Valet) He may turn the channel of my thoughts. (*rising.*)

SCENE V.—*Enter* CONTI.

Prince. Good day, Conti. How thrive the arts?

Conti. But ill, your highness.

Prince. Indeed! I'd have them flourish in my domain. Yet toil should not affright the artist.

Conti. It is his glory! But genius, if oppressed, may sink.

Prince. You misconceive: I mean his zeal should never weary. What have you brought?

Conti. The portrait you commanded; and another, which—

Prince. I forget! Whose portrait did I command?

Conti. The Countess Orsina's.

Prince. True! (*coldly*) The commission is, methinks, grown stale.

Conti. Fair ladies are allowed caprice: in three months the Countess has granted me one sitting.

Prince. Where are the pictures?

Conti. In the antichamber, Prince. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Prince. Her portrait! I'm glad 'tis not herself. Perhaps it may awaken feelings which she no longer can excite. Yet, no! The spell is broken. Perhaps she bribed the painter thus to importune me? It were in vain. Another image, drawn in different colours, on a finer canvass, must be obliterated from my bosom ere she can regain my heart. I wish she could; for, when I loved the Countess, all was frolic, mirth, and pleasure: now it is the reverse. Yet no! Were I a thousand fold more gloomy, I would not resume Orsina's degrading chains.

SCENE VII.

Re-enter CONTI, *with two Pictures, and places one against the Wall; the other so as best to be seen.*

Conti. Prince, you must recollect the limits of our art: it cannot catch the indefinite charm, which gives resistless grace to beauty.

Prince. Excellent! Most excellent! Your pencil was inspired! But you have greatly flattered.

Conti. The Countess, Prince, is not of your opinion, nor indeed am I. The artist must paint Nature as she would be without the ravages of time, or imperfection of materials.

Prince. I love the man who studies the philosophy of his art. The Countess then capriciously——

Conti. Excuse me, Prince; I respect the Countess, and meant no censure.

Prince. As you please. What said Orsina?

Conti. She said, if that's my likeness, I am satisfied.

Prince. If! 'Tis quite in character.

Conti. And then the look she gave! You cannot trace it in this picture.

Prince. You speak my meaning: 'tis in that, Conti, you have so greatly flattered her. Oh, I well know that proud sarcastic look, which would disfigure grace itself. I will not deny the smile of irony sometimes becomes the coral lip; and scorn is an embellishment; but not excessive, as in the Countess. Their poignancy must be softened by eyes that captivate: those eyes are on the canvass, but Orsina has them not.

Conti. Prince, I am much concerned.

Prince. Why so? The Countess has large unmeaning eyes, and as the poets feign Medusa's; you have given them a sweetness, an expression, that does honor to your taste, yet merits blame. You own her true character cannot be read in this portrait: that *is* a fault. Pride here assumes the grace of dignity, the scornful sneer is changed to smiles, the gloom of discontent to soft melancholy.

Conti. (*chagrined*) Prince, is it the artist's fault if, when he has finished a portrait, ordered in the delirium of rapture, he finds the lover changed?

Prince. Why did not you bring it sooner, Conti? Put it aside. What is the other piece?

Conti. A female portrait.

Prince. I will not see it. I have a model here, or rather here, (*pointing to his head and heart*) which none can equal.—Let me have other subjects.

Conti. I may be surpassed in talent, but none can exceed this in beauty.

Prince. Conti, it is the painter's mistress! (Conti *shews the picture*) Heavens! Is it your work, or is it the creation of my fancy?

Conti. Prince, are you acquainted with the angel?

Prince. (*his eyes fixed on the picture*) By sight. Some weeks ago, I met her at an assembly with her mother; and since at mass, where it is unseemly to gaze. Her father is known to me, but is no friend: 'twas he opposed my claims on Sabionetta. He is a veteran, proud and unpolished, but honest and brave.

Conti. Such the father! Here is the daughter.

Prince. By Heaven, it seems to speak! Conti, 'tis the height of flattery to forget the artist in his works.

Conti. I'm far from satisfied, and yet dissatisfaction here

gives me pleasure. Oh that we could paint with our eyes. How much is lost in the wide space between the eye and the hand! Yet I say the sense of my deficiency makes me proud: ay, prouder than if I had executed all that my fancy has conceived. 'Tis this more than our works bespeaks the masterly artist. Raphael still had been the sublime painter, though Nature had refused him hands?

Prince. What said you, Conti?

Conti. Nothing! Nothing! Mere rhapsody: your soul is in your eyes. How it delights me!

Prince. (*affecting coldness*) And so you rank Emilia with the prettiest of our ladies?

Conti. Rank—the prettiest? Your highness jests.

Prince. Dear Conti, inexperience is easily deceived. Painters only can judge of beauty.

Conti. And must every feeling wait the cold decision of art? Let those who from us would learn what beauty is inhabit cloisters. Yet, as a painter, I hold it as the most fortunate circumstance of my life that Emilia Galotti sat to me. This countenance, these lovely tresses, this neck of ivory, beauteous bosom, slender waist, and fine proportioned form, are now the only model from which I study female beauty. Her father has the original, this is but a copy.

Prince. (*eagerly*) It is no doubt bespoke?

Conti. It is yours, Prince, if it please you.

Prince. Please? (*smiling*) You say you have made these charms your study, Conti? Can I do better than make them mine? Take back the other portrait for a frame.

Conti. Good.

Prince. Let it be magnificent: the picture shall adorn the gallery.—A copy needs not such parade: it shall remain here, it will be a pleasing study. Conti, I am your debtor. Thank you, thank you! The arts shall never languish while I have the power to support them. Go to my treasurer, he will pay you for the portraits; you may name whatever sum you please.

Conti. I almost fear, my Prince, 'tis not my skill, but something else you would reward.

Prince. Oh, the jealous artist! No, no! Mark me: whatever sum you please. [*Exit* Conti.

SCENE VIII.—*Manet the* PRINCE.

Prince. (*looking at the picture*) Millions would too cheaply purchase such a gem! Matchless work of art, do I indeed possess thee! Oh that the original, Nature's sweet masterpiece, were likewise mine! Honorable matron, churlish father, give me but her and all my treasures are your own. But, no! I'll win thee, charmer, from thyself. This eye of azure blue beams modesty, and grace. This mouth, when from her coral

lips words sweet as honey flow, when smiles celestial dimple on her cheek, this mouth——Some one comes! My heart is jealous of thy mute beauties. (*turns the picture to the wall*) It is Marinelli. But that I sent for him, how exquisite a morning I had spent!

SCENE IX.—*Enter* MARINELLI.

Mar. Pardon, your highness, that I came not sooner.

Prince. The freshness of the morning invited me to walk; but, now, the day's too far advanced, and I have lost all inclination. Do you bring me news?

Mar. None of importance. The Countess Orsina arrived yesterday.

Prince. Here's her note, informing me—— Pshaw! I know not what. Has she spoken to you?

Mar. Am I not, alas, her confident? If I e'er again take such an office, Prince——

Prince. Make no rash vows, Marquis.

Mar. Indeed! May I retract? The Countess, perhaps, is not so much in fault?

Prince. Oh, yes; my nuptials with the Princess of Massa must interrupt at least all such connections.

Mar. If so, the Countess must be content.

Prince. My fate is harder far than hers; my heart is sacrificed to ambition: she has but to take back hers, while I, against my will, must part with mine.

Mar. But if a wife, whom policy presents, be all she asks, why take it back? A wife, so taken, cannot rob the mistress of her place: she fears some other rival.

Prince. Well, would you deem that a crime?

Mar. I, Prince! Oh, no! Confound me not with a weak woman, for whom I intercede in pure compassion. Yesterday, I own she greatly moved me: she waved all mention of your love, and wished to appear indifferent; but her cheek, now pale, now glowing, gave the lie to this affected calm, and showed the torture of her mind. She said the saddest things, and smiled and jested with the face of Niobe. She flies to books for refuge, and I fear they'll but distract her brain.

Prince. Weak is the mind which sinks under the first attack: her debility first gave me disgust; urge it not, in her behalf. She is weak by nature: enough! We'll change the theme. Affords the town no other novelty?

Mar. Little more. Count Appiani's marriage.

Prince. Appiani? Who is the lady? I knew it not.

Mar. Great secrecy has been observed: 'tis not a match to do him honor. You will but laugh, Prince, at these our sentimental fools: Love, soon or late, makes them his mockery. A girl, destitute of rank or fortune, has caught him in her net:

her bait a pompous show of virtue, feeling, wit, and such-like fooleries.

Prince. He who, unfettered by restraint, can yield his heart to innocence and beauty, is worthy envy, not compassion. Who is the happy virgin? I well know, Marinelli, you and the Count are foes; but he bears a gallant name, is handsome, rich, and honorable. I would win him to my service; it may yet be done.

Mar. 'Tis now too late. His plan is not to seek preferment, but to retire with his bride to Piedmont: there to chase the wild chamois, and see his cattle graze: what can he better? This match will shut the door of greatness on him.

Prince. What harm! He'll then be quit of ceremonious form, restraint, dulness, and not unoften pompous poverty. But who is she to whom he makes so great a sacrifice?

Mar. One Emily Galotti.

Prince. How, one——

Mar. Emilia Galotti.

Prince. Impossible!

Mar. Nothing more certain.

Prince. I say it is a mistake: the name is common; it may be a Galotti, but not Emilia.

Mar. Emilia—Emilia Galotti, Prince.

Prince. Then there are two Emilias: you said *one* Emilia Galotti. Fools would only so describe the first.

Mar. What means this sudden agitation, Prince? Know you the bride?

Prince. Question me not, but answer my inquiries: is it the daughter of that Galotti who so obstinately opposed me?

Mar. Even so!

Prince. Living here, at Guastalla, with her mother?

Mar. The same.

Prince. Near the cathedral?

Mar. Even so.

Prince. In a word. (*showing the portrait*) There! Is it her you mean? Again drawl out your cursed phlegmatic "*even so*," and stab me to the heart.

Mar. The very same!

Prince. Traitor!—And she will to-day——

Mar. Espouse the Count. (*the* Prince *snatches away the picture*) They are to be married privately this afternoon, at the father's country-house, at Sabionetta.

Prince. (*throwing himself on a seat in despair*) Wretched man! Life is a burden!

Mar. What thus moves you, Prince?

Prince. Moves? Traitor! (*springing on him*) I love the bride to madness. What avails me that you know it; that you all, long since, had knowledge of my passion, when you would eternally have had me wear the mad Orsina's chains! You,

Marquis, my *friend* to—— Oh! Princes never had, never can have, a friend! That *you* should treacherously conceal the danger which threatened my love, *you*—— May Heaven renounce me when I forgive the treason!

Mar. Amazement! My Prince love Emilia Galotti? May I be scorned of God and man if I had the slightest suspicion! Orsina's fears glanced a different way.

Prince. Forgive me, Marinelli, (*throwing himself in his arms*) and grant me your pity.

Mar. You see, my Prince, the fruits of your reserve. "Princes never had, never can have, a friend." The fault is theirs. This hour we are their confidents, the next we are strangers to them.

Prince. Ah, Marinelli, I scarcely knew my own heart.

Mar. Is Emilia aware of her power?

Prince. I tried in vain a second time to address her.

Mar. And the first——?

Prince. I was—— I cannot speak! You see me at the mercy of the waves, and ask how I came there! Save, if you can, then question me.

Mar. Are you then lost? If you have not, my Prince, confessed your passion to *Emilia Galotti*, you will declare yourself to the Countess Appiani: when virgin beauty lies beyond our reach, we wait to catch the wife, and frequently are gainers by the exchange.

Prince. Marinelli, change your tone, or——

Mar. The conquest may not afford so many charms, but——

Prince. Trifle no more!

Mar. But, I forgot, Appiani will retire from court: we must change our plan.

Prince. Oh, think, dear Marinelli, for me: were you in my place——

Mar. I would see trifles in their true light, and feel that my authority was not a *name*.

Prince. Tell me not of power which I cannot exert!—To-day is it?

Mar. To-day! In a few hours, advice will be of no avail. (*musing*) Am I at liberty to act? Will you consent——

Prince. To all! Only delay this fatal marriage.

Mar. Not a moment must be lost! Away, Prince, to your country seat: it lies on the road to Sabionetta. If I can remove the Count a while—— Yes, yes; he'll fall into the snare. You mean to send an ambassador to Massa? Nominate the Count on condition that he instantly depart.

Prince. Excellent! Bring him instantly to my villa.

[*Exit* Marinelli.

SCENE X.—*Manet the* PRINCE.

Prince. (*looking for the picture*) What! On the ground? Oh sacrilege! I'll gaze no more! Why cauterize the wound? Too long I've sighed in tender lethargy. Ah, should I lose her; should Marinelli fail!—Why trust to him alone? (*looking at his watch*) This is the hour in which Emilia pays her pure devotions in the adjoining church. What if I try to address her? But on such a day her heart will be too tenderly engaged to think of piety: yet who can tell? 'Tis but a step. (*he signs and hastily arranges the papers on his table.*)

SCENE XI.—*Enter* VALET.

Prince. Are any of the counsellors arrived?

Valet. Camillo Rota.

Prince. Show him in. (*exit* Valet.) I have but a moment for him: another time his conversation will be most welcome. (*taking a paper*) Ay, Emilia! If your protectress were——

SCENE XII.—*Enter* CAMILLO ROTA, *with Papers in his Hand.*

Prince. Approach, Camillo. (*gives him papers.*)

Rota. Good, your highness!

Prince. Here is a petition from one Emilia Gal— Bruneschi. I have signed 'tis true; but 'tis no trifle: put aside or dispatch it, as you please.

Rota. I have no will but yours, my Prince.

Prince. Have you brought me any thing to sign?

Rota. A sentence of death.

Prince. With all my heart. Quick, dispatch.

Rota. (*astonished, and looking stedfastly at the* Prince) I said, your highness, it was a sentence of death.

Prince. Will you dispatch? I am in haste.

Rota. (*looking after the papers*) I have it not: excuse me, Prince, to-morrow——

Prince. As you please: good day. I'll talk with you to-morrow. [*Exit.*

Rota. (*arranging the papers*) *With all his heart?* Sign a sentence of death *with all his heart?* He should not in this humor have signed, though the criminal had slain my only son. This atrocious speech has stabbed me to the soul!

[*Exit* Camillo Rota.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the House of* GALOTTI. CLAUDIA, PIRRO, *coming from different Sides.*

Claudia (*to* Pirro.)

WHO dismounted?

Pirro. My master, lady.

Claud. Your master? Is it possible!

Pirro. He is close behind.

Claud. So unexpectedly! (*going to meet* Galotti) My love!

SCENE II.—*Enter* GALOTTI.

Gal. Good morrow, dearest Claudia! Have I not surprised thee?

Claud. Most agreeably: if thy coming has no serious motive?

Gal. Be at ease: the joy of to-day awoke me betimes; the morning too so fine, the distance so short! So many things to be remembered! In a word, I come to see that all is right, and then I'm gone. Where is our child? No doubt engaged at her toilet?

Claud. In sweet converse with her soul! She is gone to mass.

Gal. Alone?

Claud. 'Tis but a step.

Gal. Accidents may happen at the threshold.

Claud. Be not uneasy, my love; rest within while I bring refreshment.

Gal. I'll not deny thee; but 'twas wrong to let her go alone.

Claud. Remain here, Pirro; we are not at home to visitors.

[*Exeunt* Claudia *and* Galotti.

SCENE III.—PIRRO, *and soon after* ANGELO.

Pirro. That is to the curious: how I have been questioned these two long hours! But who comes yonder?

Ang. (*half behind the scenes, in a short cloak, under which he conceals his face, and slouched hat*) Pirro! Pirro!

Pirro. One I know? (Angelo *comes forward, with his face uncovered*) Heavens! Angelo? Is't thee?

Ang. Myself. I long have watched an opportunity to speak with thee.

Pirro. Dar'st thou walk forth in open day? Has not a price been set upon thy head, since thy last murder?

Ang. Thou art not inclined to win it?

Pirro. What brings thee here? Seek'st thou my destruction?

Ang. Blockhead! (*showing him a purse of gold*) Seest thou this purse? 'Tis thine.

Pirro. Mine!

Ang. Yes. Hast thou forgotten the German, thy late master——?

Pirro. Hush!

Ang. Betrayed to us by thee, on the road to *Pisa*——

Pirro. Lower your voice.

Ang. He kindly left, with other valuables, a diamond ring, (thou recollectest?) too costly to be immediately disposed of. It has been sold for a hundred pistoles: here is thy share. (*offering the purse.*)

Pirro. I dare not take it: keep the whole.

Ang. Nay, if thou wilt sell thy life dog-cheap, so be it. (*going to put up the purse.*)

Pirro. Give it. (*takes the purse*) Now speak thy errand, for I'll not believe that alone brought thee.

Ang. Indeed? Knave! Think'st thou we'd defraud a comrade? Such things may happen with your men of honor; but with us never. Fare thee well! (*pretends to go, then returns*) One question. What brings old Galotti hither, quite alone?

Pirro. Oh! A very trifle: his daughter is this day to be married, at his villa, to Count Appiani: he could not so long defer the joy of seeing her.

Ang. Will he soon be gone?

Pirro. So soon that if thou'rt not alert he'll find thee here. But what would'st thou with *him?* Take heed; he's not to be——

Ang. Don't I know him? Have I not served in his regiment? What could I gain by him? When do the bride and bridegroom follow?

Pirro. At noon.

Ang. With any company?

Pirro. Only the bride's mother: two friends at *Sabionetta* are to assist at the ceremony.

Ang. How many servants?

Pirro. Two beside myself. I ride before.

Ang. Good! Good! Whose equipage is it?

Pirro. The Count's.

Ang. That is unlucky: his people are brave; yet, if——

Pirro. Amazement! What is thy design? The few jewels the bride may wear cannot pay the risk.

Ang. No, but the bride herself is worth the venture.

Pirro. And thou would'st have me an accomplice in the rape?

Ang. Thou go'st before? Gallop full speed without turning thy head.

Pirro. No, I'll not do it.

Ang. How! Would'st thou act the farce of conscience? Rascal! I think thou know'st me. If a word escape thee, should I find any change of plan——?

Pirro. For Heaven's sake! Angelo!——

Ang. Be wise and yield! Resist at thy peril!

[*Exit, with a menacing gesture.*

Pirro. Ha! Let the devil touch but a hair of thy head and thou art damned for ever! Wretched man!

SCENE IV.—*Re-enter* GALOTTI *and* CLAUDIA.

Gal. I cannot stay.

Claud. A moment longer: she will be so grieved to have missed thee.

Gal. I must once more embrace the noble youth and call him son. How congenial are our tastes! How I rejoice that he will retire to his native vallies from the haunts of vice and folly!

Claud. And I grieve. Shall not we lose our darling Emilia?

Gal. Lose? We shall leave her in the arms of a tender and worthy husband: wilt thou repine at her felicity? Thou reviv'st my old suspicion that it was not the wish to educate her well, but the pleasures of the court, which induced thee to reside with her in town, away from a husband and a father who so fondly cherished you both.

Claud. Unkind Edward! For once let me defend this town and court which thy stern virtue so abhors: 'twas here alone love could have joined two hearts formed for each other.

Gal. Granted! But, dear Claudia, we have rather to thank fortune than thy prudence. 'Tis well this town education finished so well. Two persons have met whose hearts sympathize: let them seek the abodes of innocence and peace. What could our son do here? Bow, flatter, cringe, and become the worthy rival of a *Marinelli*, to gain riches he needs not, and pretended honors which to him are none.—Pirro!

Pirro. I am, here, Signor.

Gal. Lead my horse to the Count's door; I shall immediately follow. (*exit* Pirro) Why should Appiani serve *here*, when at home he gives the law? Beside, his union with our daughter will ruin his credit with the Prince, who hates me.

Claud. Less, perhaps, than thou believ'st.

Gal. I am indifferent.

Claud. Did I not tell thee his highness had seen our daughter?

Gal. The Prince? Where?

Claud. At the last assembly of the chancellor Grimaldi, which he honored with his presence: he was so gracious!

Gal. Gracious?

Claud. Conversed with her so long!

Gal. Conversed?

Claud. Was so enchanted with her gaiety and wit——

Gal. Enchanted?

Claud. Extolled her beauty in such flattering terms——

Gal. And thou speak'st in the tone of congratulation! Oh, vain, foolish mother!

Claud. Why?

Gal. Well, well! 'Tis now of little matter. Ha! If I imagined—— 'Tis there he could inflict a mortal wound—When libertines admire, they would seduce. I shudder but to think. Why not immediately acquaint me? I would not on this day let any thing unkind escape my lips. (*taking her hand*) Farewell! Heaven grant no ill come of this imprudence! [*Exit* Galotti.

SCENE V.—*Manet* CLAUDIA.

Claud. Oh, what a man! How stern his virtue! If indeed it merit the name! With him all is suspicious, and deserves reproach. If knowledge of mankind create distrust, who would not remain in ignorance? But Emilia returns not. What can have staid her?—The Prince loves not the father; does it follow then he would seduce the daughter?

SCENE VI.—*Enter* EMILIA, *in great Terror.*

Emil. Thank Heaven, I'm now in safety! Or has he pursued so far? (*throwing aside her veil*) Is he here, my mother, is he?—No, Heaven be praised!

Claud. What has befallen my Emily?

Emil. Nothing! Nothing!

Claud. And yet thy looks are wild, thy frame convulsed.

Emil. What have I been forced to hear! And in what a place!

Claud. I thought thee gone to mass——

Emil. Even there! What place is sacred to vice? Ah, my mother! (*throwing herself in* Claudia's *arms.*)

Claud. Speak, my child, ease my apprehensions: what ill can have befallen thee in so holy a place?

Emil. On such a day too, when my thoughts should have been intent on Heaven!

Claud. Our devotion, my dear Emilia, cannot at all times be equally fervent: it is sufficient we desire the grace of Heaven to obtain it.

Emil. And that we sin to be guilty.

Claud. Such, I'm sure, my child, was not thy wish.

Emil. Oh, no! But, against our will, we may be made the accomplice of vice.

Claud. Be calm! Collect thy thoughts and tell me, if thou canst, what has befallen thee.

Emil. I went late, and could not approach the altar: scarcely had I raised my vows to Heaven, when some one placed himself behind me so close that I could turn no way, however desirous, fearful of interrupting the devotions of others. Oh that my fears had met no greater cause! But soon I heard a deep sigh, and the name not of a saint—the name —mother, be not angry, of your daughter! Oh that a thunderbolt had saved me from the shame of hearing more! He spoke of beauty, love; complained that this day, destined to make me happy, brought misery to him; implored my pity. All this I was compelled to hear, but made as though I had not heard, nor once turned my head: all I could do was to pray that Heaven would strike me deaf, though it were for life! At length mass was over: I dreaded to behold the offender who dared to violate the sanctuary of Heaven: trembling I rose and saw——

Claud. Who, my dearest child?

Emil. Divine, my mother! I could have sunk into the earth; 'twas *himself.*

Claud. Nay, who?

Emil. The Prince.

Claud. The Prince! Oh blessed be the impatience of thy father, who would not await thy coming.

Emil. Has he been here, and gone without seeing me?

Claud. Hadst thou related thy adventure in the moment of confusion——

Emil. Surely my conduct merits not reproach?

Claud. As little, child, as mine; and yet—yet—Ah, thou know'st not thy father! In his passion he would have confounded innocence with guilt; and cast the blame on me, though I could not foresee, much less prevent, the mischief— But say, what followed, when thou recognized the Prince? I hope thy looks betrayed the contempt he deserved.

Emil. I had not the courage a second time to look: I fled—

Claud. And he followed?

Emil. I marked it not till, at the church portico, I felt my hand was seized—by *him.* The impropriety of drawing the attention of the people was the only reflection I was capable of making: he spoke and I answered him; but what he said, or I replied, has utterly escaped me. I know not how I disengaged myself from the Prince; I can only remember finding myself in the street, hearing him behind, and thinking I was followed into the house.

Claud. Fear, child, has neither sense nor sight. I never shall forget the alarm in which thou camest rushing in. No; he dared not so far urge the insult. Oh God, if thy father knew it! He was in wrath when I told him the Prince admired thee! Calm thyself, my Emily; think what has passed a dream

—th' impression will be less. This day will secure thee in future from impertinence.

Emil. But must not I, dear mother, tell the Count?

Claud. Not for the world! Why vex thyself and him for trifles? Nay, if he should not, for the moment, be disturbed, know, my child, that poison still is poison, though it work slowly: that which makes no impression on the lover is deeply felt by the *husband*. The lover may be flattered to dispute his conquest with a rival so high in rank; but when it is secured—Ah, child, he then too frequently assumes a different face! Preserve thee, Heaven, from the sad experience!

Emil. Your counsel, dear mother, will always be revered; but, should my Appiani learn the adventure from any but myself, would it not increase the uneasiness he might feel? To keep a secret from the Count would weigh upon my heart.

Claud. Romantic folly! Be silent! Let him not remark thou hast been disturbed.

Emil. I yield, dear mother, to your better judgment. Ah! (*with a deep sigh*) how light I feel! I am again myself! What a foolish, timid creature I am! Might I not have acted differently without wounding the laws of decorum?

Claud. I am glad my Emily's good sense suggests the remarks I was loath to make. I knew, thy terror past, thou would'st perceive its folly. The Prince is a courtier; thou art unaccustomed to the sentimental cant of gallantry, where nothing seems to imply too much; and all, in fact, means nothing. A compliment thou hast construed a wish; a wish a declaration: thus, my child, thy ignorant simplicity made thee mistake the Prince's meaning.

Emil. Oh, my mother! I blush to think how simply I behaved! No; I will not tease my good Appiani with my silly terrors: he might think me vain. Ha! I hear his step.

SCENE VII.—*Enter* COUNT APPIANI. *He does not perceive* EMILIA *till she accosts him.*

App. Ah, dearest Emily! I thought not to find you here!

Emil. I hope, my lord, you will be cheerful even when I am absent. Why so serious? Is not this day worth a smile?

App. 'Tis worth my life! Th' excess of happiness perhaps makes me serious. (*seeing* Claudia) Ah, dear Madam, *you* here too! I long to call you by a name more tender.

Claud. It will be my pride! How fortunate thou art, my Emily! Ah! why would not thy father share the pleasure of this meeting?

App. I have torn myself, this moment, from his arms; or rather he from mine! Oh, what a man, my Emily, your father is! In him you recognize each lofty virtue. How my heart expands, in his presence! Never is my soul so fortified in good

and resolute to steer a noble course! Without such thoughts, indeed, I were not worthy such a father, nor to be the husband of his Emily.

Emil. Ah, why would he not wait till I returned?

App. Because for so short a visit his emotions might have been too strong.

Claud. He thought to find thee making preparation for the approaching happy ceremony, and heard——

App. What raised my tenderest admiration, my excellent Emilia! I shall then have a wife, who, with simplicity, fulfils a sacred duty, nor makes of piety a pompous farce.

Claud. Time is precious, children. Go, Emily, to your toilet.

App. Why, honored Madam?

Claud. You would not lead her, thus attired, to the altar?

App. Who can look at Emilia, and think of dress? Why change her apparel?

Emil. No, my dear lord! Some trifling alteration is necessary, but simplicity shall be preserved. One moment's patience, and I am ready: the only ornament I mean to wear shall be the last you presented me: were it not *your* gift I should almost dislike it, for I thrice have dreamed——

Claud. Dreamed? What, my child?

Emil. That on my head the diamonds changed to pearls—— Pearls, dearest mother, are the emblem of tears!

Claud. Child, thy interpretation is wilder than the dream. Pearls are thy favorite ornament.

Emil. True, dear mother, true!

App. (*thoughtful and melancholy*) "Pearls are the emblem of tears."

Emil. How! Are you, my lord, affected at a dream?

App. I am ashamed to own it: but when the imagination takes a gloomy tint all objects catch the hue.

Emil. And why should you be sad? Do you recollect how I was attired when first, my lord, I had the happiness to meet you?

App. I see you ever thus: absent or present.

Emil. Such is my bridal dress: a robe the same, flowing and easy.

App. Excellent!

Emil. My hair——

App. Waving in ringlets down thy neck.

Emil. I'll not forget the rose! A little patience and you shall see me as you wish. [*Exit* Emilia.

SCENE VIII.

App. "Pearls are the emblem of tears!"—A little patience——yes, if time could be defied! If minutes were not ages!

Claud. Emily's remark, my lord, was that of a child. Why thus moved? You are nearly arrived at the goal of your wishes: do you repent?

App. (*taking her hand*) My mother, can you harbour such a thought? Unusual sadness, it is true, preys upon my heart: the space between the cup and the lip, though little, often is unattainable, My thoughts, my feelings, nay my dreams, these two last days, confirm this truth. A gloomy chain of images pass through my mind—I know not what thus agitates and——

Claud. Count, you alarm me!

App. I am angry with my friends, myself——

Claud. Why?

App. They require I should acquaint the Prince ere I espouse your daughter; and I have weakly yielded to their entreaties. I must now perform this painful task, and seek his highness.

Claud. (*struck*) How! The Prince?

SCENE IX.

Enter PIRRO, *who is immediately followed by* MARINELLI.

Pirro. Madam, the Marquis Marinelli asks to speak with the Count.

App. With *me?*

Pirro. Here he is (*opens the door and retires.*)

Mar. Excuse the intrusion, Signora——My lord, I have sought you at your house, and learned that you were here. A matter of importance brings me hither. (*to* Claudia) Signora, may I trespass on your goodness? My business with the Count——

Claud. I'll leave you, gentlemen!——

[*Exit* Claudia *curtseying*

SCENE X.

App. Now, Marquis!

Mar. I come from the Prince.

App. What is his pleasure?

Mar. I am proud to be the bearer of news so good: and if Count Appiani will not wilfully misunderstand a friend devoted to his interest——

App. A truce, I beg, to compliments.

Mar. I have done. His highness means to send an embassy to settle his approaching nuptials with the Princess of *Massa:* he was long perplexed on whom to fix his choice; at last it fell upon you, Count.

App. On me?

Mar. Which choice, if friendship may boast of trifles, was at *my* instigation.

App. I am at a loss for thanks. I long had renounced the hope of being noticed by his highness.

Mar. I knew, my Lord, he only waited a proper occasion to prove the high esteem in which he holds you. If Count Appiani be not worthy of such honor, my friendship deceives me.

App. Friendship! The word has thrice escaped your lips. With whom am I conversing? I never dreamed of *friendship* from the Marquis Marinelli!

Mar. I served you, Count, nor waited your permission: the fault, I own, was great, unpardonable! But the honors which await you are equally glorious; I doubt not you will eagerly embrace them.

App. (*after reflecting*) I will.

Mar. Then follow me.

App. Where?

Mar. To the Prince who is at *Dosalo*. All is prepared; you must depart this day.

App. This day?

Mar. This hour, perhaps; the business is important.

App. Indeed! I am sorry then I must decline the intended honor.

Mar. How?

App. I cannot go now, to-morrow, nor the next day.

Mar. You jest, my Lord!

App. With *you?*

Mar. Ha! Very pleasant! Then the jest regards the Prince?——Better still!——You cannot go?

App. I hope his highness will find my reason for declining his favor good.

Mar. I would fain hear it.

App. Oh, a trifle! In a few hours I'm to be married.

Mar. Indeed! What then?

App. What then? The question is mockery!

Mar. Your marriage will not be the first that has been deferred: not, I believe, agreeably to the wish of the bride and bridegroom; but, when the master commands, Count, methinks——

App. The *master!* Those who volunteer their services are not *slaves*. *You* owe the Prince boundless submission; but I do not: I came uncalled for to his court; I sought to honorably serve him, not to be his slave. I am only dependent on a higher power.

Mar. High or not, a master is a master.

App. I'll not discuss the question; inform the Prince it grieves me to decline his favors, but I am this day to lead a lovely bride to the altar.

Mar. May I presume to ask her name?

App. Emilia Galotti.

Mar. The daughter of Galotti?

App. The same.

Mar. Humph!

App. What say you, Signor?

Mar. If *she* is the bride, you may with little difficulty defer the ceremony till your return.

App. *Defer the ceremony?*

Mar. The good folks will not be over nice.

App. *Good folks?*

Mar. Emilia will still be yours.

App. *Still be mine!* Impertinent ape!

Mar. Count, *that* to me?

App. Why not?

Mar. Heaven and hell! You shall repent this language!

App. Pshaw! Apes I know are malicious, but——

Mar. Death and damnation! You must give me satisfaction.

App. That is understood.

Mar. I would immediately call you to account, only I would not disturb the joys of so *tender* a lover, on such a day.

App. Kind considerate soul! (*his hand to his sword*) I cannot, it is true, go to *Massa*, but I have leisure to take a walk with you. Come, Sir! Come!

Mar. A little patience, Count. [*Exit suddenly.*

SCENE XI.—Appiani, Claudia, Galotti.

App. Worthless wretch! Ha! This has brought me to myself! I am a different man! My pulse beats high: my blood again circulates.

Claud. (*anxiously*) Heavens, Count! I heard your voices loud, and angry! Your cheek glows: what is the matter?

App. Nothing, honored Madam: the chamberlain has done me service; he spares me the trouble of seeing the Prince.

Claud. Indeed?

App. We now may set off the earlier; I'll give the necessary orders to my people, and be with you in a moment.

Claud. May I be easy, Count?

App. Perfectly so, dear Madam.

[*Exit through different doors.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Country House of the* Prince.

The Prince, Marinelli.

Marinelli.

It was all in vain; the Count with scorn refused the proffered honor.

Prince. Emilia will then be his.

Mar. Such are the probabilities.

Prince. My hopes were raised so high! You must have failed in skill: thus it is, when fools by chance conceive a happy plan, if the execution be not given to a man of sense.

Mar. So! This is my reward!

Prince. Reward for what?

Mar. For having hazarded my life in your service. When I found that neither raillery nor reason would induce the Count to sacrifice his love to honor, I drove him to extremities, which made him forget himself. He broke into invective, and I demanded immediate satisfaction. My reflection was that one of us must die. If Appiani fall, the day will be our own; if I am killed, he will be forced to fly, and time will thus be gained.

Prince. How! Did you that, Marinelli?

Mar. I ought to have known the gratitude of princes.

Prince. What said the Count? According to report, he is not a man to whom a challenge need be repeated?

Mar. No doubt, in ordinary cases—Who could blame him? He replied, he had something more important on his hands, this day, than to fight, and postponed the duel till a week after his nuptials.

Prince. With Emilia Galotti! Oh, the thought is frenzy! These are your boasted efforts, your mighty sacrifice!

Mar. What could I more, my Prince?

Prince. *More!* Say, what have you done?

Mar. Tell me, Prince, what was the result of your conference in the cathedral this morning?

Prince. (*ironically*) How kind is this curiosity! Forsooth, I must satisfy you—All passed to my heart's content. Concern yourself no more, my *serviceable* friend: she half-way met my wishes; nay, I might have taken her with me. (*cold and commanding*) Now, Sir, you know all: leave me!

Mar. Ay, ay! This is the burden of the song, and would have been had I attempted impossibilities. Impossibilities, said I! Not so; but a bold step: Emilia once in our power, I'll answer for it the nuptials take not place.

Prince. This man would talk one into the paradise of fools. I have but to give him a detachment of my guards, he will attack a single carriage, and triumphantly seize on a *woman!*

Mar. Prince, women have been carried off without the appearance of violence.

Prince. If you knew that, you should have acted; not have trifled away the time in idle boastings.

Mar. But one ought not to be made responsible, Prince, for unforeseen accidents, through which the plan might fail.

Prince. Is it my practice, Marquis, to blame people for evils they cannot foresee?

Mar. Then, Prince—(*the report of a pistol is heard*) Ah!

what was that? Heard I rightly? Was it not the report of a pistol, my Prince?

Prince. Explain!

Mar. What would you say, my Prince, if I had been more active than you think?

Prince. More active? To the point!

Mar. Suppose all I promised were fulfilled.

Prince. Is it possible?

Mar. Do not, Prince, forget I had your consent.

Prince. But the execution——

Mar. Is intrusted to persons on whom I can depend. The park lies close to the road-side; the carriage, as it passes, will be attacked by feigned banditti; my people, from the park, run to the assistance of the attacked: one of them, in the confusion of the affray, will seize the bride, as if to save her, and conduct her hither. Such, Prince, is my plan: what say you now?

Prince. That I am greatly surprised: I fear too, Marquis—— (Marinelli *goes to the window*) For what are you looking?

Mar. It must be over! Right! A mask springs through the outward gate; no doubt he brings me intelligence: retire, my Prince.

Prince. Ah, Marinelli!

Mar. Before I did *too little*; now I have done *too much*: is it not so?

Prince. No; but I see not whither all this tends.

Mar. Tends?—To make you happy. Quick, Prince, retire: you must not be seen. [*Exit* Prince.

SCENE II.—MARINELLI; *soon after* ANGELO.

Mar. (*again going to the window*) The carriage slowly returns to town: so slow? A servant at each portico? I fear the project has but half succeeded; that the Count is only wounded! The mask enters the house: 'tis he, 'tis Angelo: fool-hardy villain! But he knows the windings of this place: he nods to me; he must be certain of his man. Ha, Count, you would not go to Massa; you must take a longer journey—Who taught you so well to know the nature of apes? Yes, they are malicious!—Now, Angelo?

Ang. (*taking off his mask*) Prepare, Signor Marquis, she will instantly be here.

Mar. The plot has succeeded?

Ang. It has.

Mar. And the Count?

Ang. So, so! But he must have had his suspicions, for he was on his guard.

Mar. Quick to the point: is he dead?

Ang. Poor gentleman!

Mar. Here! Let this ease thy *compassionate* heart. (*gives him a purse.*)

Ang. My poor Nicolo! His death bought victory dear.

Mar. What was the loss on both sides?

Ang. I could have wept over the brave youth, though I gain by his death, for I am his heir: 'twas I revenged him; such is our law; as good a one as faith and friendship could impose. Signor, this Nicolo——

Mar. No more of him. The Count, the Count——

Ang. Furies! He aimed justly at Nicolo's heart; but my aim, in return, was no less sure. He fell, and if he still breathed when they replaced him in the carriage, I'll answer for it he'll not come out alive.

Mar. If that is certain, Angelo!——

Ang. Withdraw your practice if I am a false prophet. Have you further commands, Signor Marquis? Time is precious; we must this day cross the frontiers.

Mar. Then be gone.

Ang. Should you want me again, Signor Marquis, you know where to inquire: I am secret, skilful, and more reasonable than my comrades. [*Exit.*

Mar. Good! Good! Yet no: it might have been better—Fie, Angelo! You are a bungler! A second shot at once had done the business. The Count, poor man, perhaps may linger. Fie, Angelo! That is exercising your trade with cruelty; like a blockhead. The Prince must not learn Appiani's death till he perceives the advantage he may derive from it. Oh, that I were but sure he is dead!

SCENE III.—*The* PRINCE, MARINELLI.

Prince. She is hastening down the alley with the domestic: terror has lent her wings: she must not yet suspect the truth; she thinks she has escaped from thieves: but how long will she continue in this belief?

Mar. At least we have her here.

Prince. Will not her mother and the Count seek her? Can I refuse them admission?

Mar. I cannot at this moment answer you; but we shall see: have patience, my Prince; the first step is already taken.

Prince. To what effect, if I must part with her?

Mar. Perhaps—a thousand things may turn to our advantage, Prince, and you forget the principal.

Prince. The principal? What is it you mean?

Mar. That seductive and winning eloquence which can never fail to serve the enamoured Prince.

Prince. Except when most he needs it; as I this day have cruelly experienced. In vain I tried the force of flattery and elo-

quence of love: I could not obtain a single word. Trembling and mute she stood; her eyes cast down, as 'twere a culprit before the awful judge. Her fears were catching. I trembled, and stammered an apology. I scarce dare trust myself to speak with her again; at least I cannot yet meet her eye. You must receive her, Marinelli. I'll wait in the adjoining room till I am more calm. [*Exit* Prince.

SCENE IV.

MARINELLI: *soon after* BATTISTA *his Servant, leading in* EMILIA.

Mar. She could not see him fall; she fled too quick. Ah, here she comes! I too had better retire a moment. (*retires to the back ground.*)

Batt. This way, young lady.

Emil. (*out of breath*) Ah! Ah! Thank you, friend! Thank you! But Heavens! Where am I? Quite alone? Where is my mother? The Count? Are they behind?

Batt. Most probably.

Emil. Are you not sure? Have you not seen them? Did not the ruffians fire?

Batt. Perhaps they did.

Emil. Oh, there is no doubt! The Count, perhaps, or my mother, may have been wounded.

Batt. I'll go immediately and seek them.

Emil. Not without me: I will, I must go with you. Come, friend!

Mar. (*stepping forward*) Ah! What misfortune, or rather what lucky accident, young lady, has procured us this honor?

Emil. (*surprised*) You here, Signor? Is this your house? Excuse me, Signor Chamberlain, we have been attacked by banditti: people came to our assistance, and this worthy man took me from the carriage and brought me here: but I shudder to find myself only in safety; my mother perhaps is yet in danger! The robbers fired as I escaped! She may be dead, and do I live?—Excuse me; I must fly to seek the friends I ought not to have left.

Mar. Be calm, dear young lady! All is well: the friends for whom you feel such tender anxiety will soon be here. Battista, fly and seek them; perhaps they are in search of the young lady; bring them here. [*Exit* Battista.

Emil. Indeed! Are they all safe? Have they escaped unhurt? Ah, this day has been to me a day of terror! But I should not wait their arrival; I'll seek them.

Mar. Why, Signorina? You are breathless and exhausted: rather compose yourself, and suffer me to show you to a less public apartment. The Prince, no doubt, is gone to meet your respected mother, and will bring her to you.

Emil. Who, said you?

Mar. Our gracious Prince.

Emil. (*struck*) The Prince!

Mar. On the first intelligence of your disaster, he flew to your assistance: he is furious that such daring outrage should be committed, as it were, at his threshold: he has ordered the offenders to be pursued; and, if they are caught, their punishment will be exemplary.

Emil. The Prince? Where am I then?

Mar. At *Dosalo;* his country seat.

Emil. Heavens! And you think he'll soon be here?

Mar. He comes.

SCENE V.—*Enter the* PRINCE.

Prince. Where is she? Where? We have been seeking you, Signorina, in vain. You are not ill? Then all is well! The Count, your mother——

Emil. Ah, Prince, where are they? Where is my mother?

Prince. Not far off.

Emil. Oh, God, in what a state shall I find one or both! I see, your highness knows more than you will say.

Prince. Not so, dear young lady; deign to accept my arm and be consoled. (*offering to lead her away.*)

Emil. (*irresolute*) But, if my fears deceive me, why are they not with your highness?

Prince. Come, Signorina, and divert the gloomy images which prey upon your mind.

Emil. What shall I do? (*wringing her hands.*)

Prince. How, Signorina, can you suspect me?

Emil. (*falling at his feet*) At your feet, Prince——

Prince. (*raising her*) I am cruelly abashed! Yes, Emilia, I deserve this mute reproach: my conduct cannot be justified, but love is my excuse. Forgive my weakness; I ought not to have troubled you with a confession which was unavailing. Your speechless terror sufficiently punished me: this accident, which once more procures me the happiness of speaking to you ere my hopes receive a mortal stab, perhaps forebodes me good, since I again may implore your pity—Nay tremble not, sweet Emily—my fate is in your hands. No word or look shall give your purity alarm: but wound me not by unjust suspicions. Doubt not a moment of your power! You need no other advocate, Emilia, than yourself! Come and receive that homage which you perhaps will learn to justly estimate. (*forcing her away*) Follow us, Marinelli!

[*Exeunt the* Prince *and* Emilia.

Mar. Follow us! Humph! That means stay where you are! Why should I follow? He may try how far he can proceed in this *tête-à-tête.* My business is to see they are not interrupted: the Count is safe enough, but the mother may break

upon them: I am much deceived if she quietly return to town and leave her daughter in our power: Battista! How now?

SCENE VI.—*Enter* BATTISTA.

Batt. (*hastily*) The mother, Signor Chamberlain.

Mar. Ha! As I thought! Where is she?

Batt. If you do not prevent her she will instantly be here. I did not, as you may suppose, hasten to seek her, but I heard her cries at a distance. She flies in search of her daughter, followed by the few inhabitants this solitary place affords, who willingly conduct her through the park. I know not whether she has learned the Prince is here: what must be done?

Mar. Let me consider! (*musing*) To refuse her admittance when she knows that Emilia is here would be impolitic. 'Tis true she will not look pleased when she finds her daughter in the wolf's grasp: no matter for her looks, but Heaven spare our ears. What then? The strongest lungs may be exhausted; even a woman's: and, if I judge the sex fairly, most of them would covet the title of *step-mother* to a Prince.

Batt. I hear her, Signor!

Claud. (*within*) Emilia! My child! Where art thou?

Mar. Go, Battista; and dismiss the inquisitive persons who conducted her.

SCENE VII.

Enter CLAUDIA, GALOTTI; *meeting* BATTISTA *at the Door.*

Claud. Ha! The very man who helped her out of the carriage, and led her away. Wretch, I know thee! Where is my daughter?

Batt. Are these my thanks?

Claud. Oh, if you deserve my gratitude, (*in a milder tone*) forgive me, worthy man! Where is she? Oh, keep me not on the rack! Where is she?

Batt. She could not, Signora, be better in paradise. Here is my master, who will conduct you to her. (*to people who press forward*) Back, good people.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* MARINELLI.

Claud. Your master? (*sees* Marinelli *and starts*) Is that your master?—*You* here, Signor? and my daughter? *You* conduct me to her.

Mar. Most willingly, Madonna.

Claud. Hold!—Are you not the gentleman who visited the Count at my house, this morning? and with whom he had high words?

Mar. High words? That was more than I knew: a trifling difference of opinion——

Claud. Is not your name Marinelli?

Mar. The Marquis Marinelli.

Claud. Good! Hark you, Signor Marquis, the name of Marinelli followed by a curse—No, do not let me calumniate the noble deceased; the curse is in my thoughts! *Marinelli* was the last word of the dying Count.

Mar. Of the dying Count? Count Appiani? Your discourse, Signora, is no less enigmatical than singular: of the dying Count? I do not understand you.

Claud. (*slow and bitter*) Marinelli was the last word of the dying Count! Do you understand me *now?* I, like you, at the moment did not understand, though it was said in a tone, a tone! I hear it still! What must have been my agitation not to have immediately understood!

Mar. Well, Madonna? I was the Count's friend, his intimate friend; and if he named me in his dying moments——

Claud. Oh, in a tone! I cannot imitate, I cannot describe it; but such a tone implies all. How? attacked by banditti? No: they were assassins! Hired assassins!—And Marinelli was the last word of the dying Count: pronounced in a tone!

Mar. In a tone!—Is the voice of agony in a moment of terror sufficient to implicate an honorable man?

Claud. Oh, could I but imitate that voice before the tribunal of justice!—Yet wretched me! I forget my daughter. Where is she? How? Dead?—Was it her fault that Appiani was your enemy?

Mar. I pardon the injustice of an afflicted mother. Come, Madonna, your daughter is here, in yonder chamber; her terrors are no doubt appeased: the Prince himself is soothing her with the tenderest pity.

Claud. Who?—Who, said you?

Mar. The Prince.

Claud. The Prince! *Our* Prince.

Mar. Who else?

Claud. Oh, wretched Claudia! My daughter—and her tender father! He will curse the hour of her birth, curse her unfortunate mother!

Mar. For Heaven's sake, Madonna, wherefore these terrors?

Claud. Oh, it is too evident! This morning, in the sanctuary of heaven, at the shrine of holiness, in the presence, as it were, of the Eternal, the villainy began; the horrid project was conceived! (*to* Marinelli) Ha! Murderer! Base murderer! Too cowardly to stab with thy own hand, but wicked enough to be the vile accomplice of another's crime, the infamous caterer to his passions; thou art the vilest of assassins, the scorn of the vicious. Thou! Thou! Oh that I could annihilate thee with a look!

Mar. My good lady, you know not what you say; moderate your violence, and recollect where you are.

Claud. Where I am? Recollect? Does the lioness, robbed of her young, roar less fearfully in the royal forest?

Emil. (*within*) Ah, my mother! I hear my mother!

Claud. It is her voice! 'Tis my Emily! She hears me; and shall I be silent? Where art thou, my child: I come! I come! (*she rushes into the chamber:* Marinelli *follows her.*)

ACT IV.

The Scene continues.

SCENE I.—*The* Prince *meeting* Marinelli.

Prince.

MARINELLI, I must be collected, and obtain some light on this affair.

Mar. Oh brave maternal rage! Ha, ha, ha!

Prince. Can you laugh?

Mar. Had your highness witnessed her fury, which vented itself in loud cries, then how instantaneously your presence calmed her violence! Ha, ha, ha! I well knew that no mother would treat a prince contemptuously, because he finds her daughter handsome.

Prince. You are a light observer, Marinelli. Emilia fell senseless in her mother's arms, and the good lady forgot her rage in her affection: it was to spare her daughter, not the *Prince*, that she only hinted at what she otherwise had proclaimed aloud; and which I shudder to have heard and understood.

Mar. What means your highness?

Prince. Why dissemble? Speak out! Is it true or not?

Mar. Suppose it were!

Prince. Suppose? Then it is. He is dead? Dead! (*threatening*) Marinelli! Marinelli!

Mar. Well?

Prince. By the Almighty God I am innocent of his blood! Had you informed me it would have cost Appiani his life, I would not have consented, though my own had fallen the sacrifice.

Mar. Informed? As if I had calculated on the Count's death! I charged Angelo to let no person be hurt. There would have been no blood shed, had not the Count first offered violence: he shot one of the men through the heart.

Prince. Indeed! (*sarcastically*) He should have quietly suffered the joke!

Mar. That Angelo should be provoked to revenge the death of his companion——

Prince. (*in the same tone*) Oh, very natural!

Mar. I have reproved him.

Prince. *Reproved?* How friendly!—Warn him to quit my territories, *my* reproofs might not be so gentle.

Mar. Just as I foresaw! I and Angelo are one: a concerted plan and chance the same. Your highness promised I should not be blamed for any unforeseen accident which might happen.

Prince. *Might* happen, say you? or *must?*

Mar. Better and better! Yet, Prince, permit one observation before you plainly tell me I am a villain. The Count's death is *nothing less* than indifferent to me. I challenged him: he owed me satisfaction; he is now dead, and my honor is wounded. Granting your suspicions, under other circumstances, might have been just: does not this clear me from such an imputation? (*with increasing heat*) Is it possible your highness can so wrong me!

Prince. (*yielding*) Well, well——

Mar. Oh that he still lived! I would give all I possess; (*bitterly*) nay, the favor of my Prince; that inestimable jewel, so difficult to retain!

Prince. I understand! Well, so be it. His death was accident, *mere accident!* You assure me so, and I'll take your word. But will Emilia, her mother, or the world, be so complaisant?

Mar. (*coldly*) Scarcely.

Prince. Then what will they think? Your shrug is significant—That Angelo is a hired ruffian, and I am an assassin!

Mar. (*still more coldly*) Nothing more likely.

Prince. I! Your Prince!—Or I must from this moment resign all thoughts of Emilia.

Mar. (*totally indifferent*) As you must have done had the Count lived.

Prince. (*at first violent, but immediately recovering his temper*) Marinelli!—But no; you will not drive me to extremities. I will speak in your own language. The Count's death is a fortunate event; the only one that could bring my love to a happy issue; and, as such, we will not inquire how it happened. What is a Count more or less in the world? Shall not we reason thus? Agreed! When it is my interest to wink at a crime of little moment, I am not more scrupulous than others; but the crime must be secret, and the advantage great: in our case it is neither secret nor advantageous. A career is opened it is true, but we are stopped at the first step. The Count's death will be imputed to us: was that in your *wise* calculations, of which you promised wonders?

Mar. If your highness will permit me——

Prince. Well? What can you urge in their defence? Explain yourself.

Mar. I am accused of blunders which are not mine.

Prince. Be explicit, I command you.

Mar. I shall, Prince. What error in my calculations has given rise to these injurious suspicions? None; the fault lies in the master stroke which your highness so graciously put to my plans.

Prince. I?

Mar. Allow me to remark the step your highness took this morning in the cathedral, no matter for its grace, or propriety, was not in the figure of the ballet*.

Prince. What has it discomposed?

Mar. Not the time, but the measure of the dance.

Prince. Humph! Do I understand you?

Mar. To speak more intelligibly: was not Emilia unacquainted with the passion of your highness when I undertook the affair! Was not her mother equally ignorant? If I built upon these circumstances, and the Prince undermined the foundation I had laid——

Prince. (*striking his forehead*) Fool! fool!

Mar. If he betrayed himself?

Prince. Cursed interference!

Mar. Had he been silent, how could my plans have excited the slightest suspicion against him, in the mother or daughter?

Prince. Why must you be in the right?

Mar. Truly I am to blame! Forgive me, Prince.

SCENE II.—*Enter* BATTISTA *in haste.*

Batt. The Countess, your highness.

Prince. The Countess? What Countess?

Batt. Orsina.

Prince. Orsina?—Marinelli—Orsina?—Marinelli?

Mar. I am no less surprised than your highness.

Prince. Run, Battista, she must not alight. I am not here. I will not see her. Let her instantly return. Go! Run! (*Exit* Battista) Silly woman! What can she want? How came she to know we were here? Has she heard any thing? Does she come a spy upon my actions? Ah, Marinelli, speak! Advise me! Will the man who called himself my friend resent? Will he abandon me for a trifling altercation? Must I ask his pardon?

Mar. Ah, my Prince, you are again yourself, and my life is at your devotion. Orsina's arrival is no less perplexing to me than to your highness. She will not, I fear, be denied. What can be done?

Prince. I will not see her: I'll retire.

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* It is Lessing who puns.

Mar. Then lose not a moment. I will receive the Countess.

Prince. Only to dismiss her; waste no time in idle conference, we have more important affairs on hand.

Mar. All is arranged, my Prince. Take courage: the day will yet be ours—But I hear her coming. Retire, Prince, into that cabinet: (*exit* Prince *into the cabinet*) I fear the Countess will give us some trouble.

SCENE III.—*Enter the Countess* ORSINA.

Countess. (*not perceiving* Marinelli) What can this mean? Nobody to receive me but an insolent valet, who would scarcely suffer me to alight? Am I at *Dosalo?* That *Dosalo* where all were eager to pay me homage? Where love and rapture flew to welcome me? These walls are the same, but—— Ah, Marinelli! I am glad the Prince has brought you: yet no, the affairs that bring me hither require I should have private conference with his highness. Where is he?

Mar. The Prince, fair Countess?

Countess. Who else?

Mar. You then expected to find him here? *Your* visit at least is unexpected.

Countess. How so? Did he not receive my letter this morning?

Mar. Your letter? Oh, yes; I recollect he mentioned it.

Countess. Well? Did I not request an interview here today? It is true he sent no answer, but I learned he actually set off for *Dosalo* an hour afterward; *that* I thought was sufficient, and I came.

Mar. A singular coincidence!

Countess. Coincidence? Do not I tell you it was an appointment? How you look, Signor Marquis! What is there to perplex your mighty sagacity? Where is the wonder?

Mar. Yesterday you were resolved never to see his highness more.

Countess. The night is a good counsellor. Where is he? In the chamber from which sighs and complaints issued as I passed? I would have entered, but the impertinent valet prevented me.

Mar. My dear Countess——

Countess. The voice was female: what does this mean? Oh, tell me! If I am your *dear* Countess, tell me! Curses on these court sycophants! Every word is a falsehood. But what matters it whether you tell me or not? I will see myself. (*going.*)

Mar. (*stopping her*) Whither go you in such haste?

Countess. Where I should have been long ago. Think you it becomes me to hold a paltry altercation with you in the antichamber, when the Prince is expecting me in his apartment?

Mar. You are mistaken, fair Countess: the Prince expects you not: his highness cannot, will not see you.

Countess. Yet he is here? Here in consequence of my letter.

Mar. You are mistaken.

Countess. You said it had been received?

Mar. Received: but not read.

Countess. (*with violence*) Not read? (*less violent*) Not read? (*mournfully, the tears in her eyes*) Not once read?

Mar. Owing doubtless to forgetfulness, not *contempt.*

Countess. (*proudly*) Contempt? Is that a thought for me! Why speak the degrading word? Marinelli, your consolation is impertinent. Contempt! Contempt and Orsina! (*she gradually softens her tone till it is that of melancholy*) He no longer loves me: cruel certainty; and another sentiment must replace that of love; such is the law of nature: but why contempt? Is it not indifference? Is it not, Marinelli?

Mar. Certainly! Certainly!

Countess. (*ironically*) Certainly? Oh the wise oracle that says what it is bid! Indifference! Indifference replace love? That is replacing something with nothing: for learn, thou court echo, from a woman, that indifference is a mere sound, an empty name which means nothing. The soul can only be indifferent to what does not occupy it, to that which has no existence: and to be indifferent to things which do not exist is to annihilate nonentity. Is that reasoning beyond thee, man?

Mar. (*to himself*) Oh how prophetic were my fears!

Countess. What is it you mutter?

Mar. Pure admiration! Who is ignorant, charming Countess, that you are a philospher.

Countess. Indeed? Yes, yes, I am. But have I now betrayed myself, or has the secret before escaped me? Shame on my folly! Is it strange the Prince should despise me? How can a man love a thing who dares, in his defiance, have ideas? To think as little becomes woman as a painted face does man. The pretty puppets should only laugh to keep the lord of the creation in good humor. Shall I not laugh, Marinelli? Ah, at what? The pleasant accident of which we were speaking. I wrote to appoint a meeting with the Prince at *Dosalo,* and he came hither without having read my letter. Ha, ha, ha! A singular occurrence! Very pleasant and natural! Why do not you laugh, Marinelli? The dread lord of the creation may *laugh* with us, though we, poor creatures, dare not *think* with him. (*serious and commanding*) Laugh, I say!

Mar. Instantly, charming Countess! Instantly.

Countess. Automaton! The moment is passed. No, no, do not laugh: for look you, Marinelli, (*musing: then with emotion*) that which excites my laughter, has its serious side like every human occurrence. Chance? Is it by chance that the Prince, contrary to his intentions, will see me here? By chance? Believe me, Marinelli, the word is blasphemy. Nothing under the sun is owing to chance; and *that* least of all which is clearly design. Almighty, all merciful Providence, forgive me that I have joined this foolish sinner in calling *that* accident which is

evidently thy immediate work. (*hastily to* Marinelli) Dare again lead me into such a crime!

Mar. (*to himself*) This proceeds too far. (*aloud*) But Countess——

Countess. Silence to your *buts*, they demand reflection, and my head! My head! (*holding her hand to her forehead*) Marinelli, conduct me quickly to the Prince, or I shall be unfit to see him. We must have a conference.

SCENE IV.—*Enter the* PRINCE *from the Cabinet.*

Prince. (*as he enters*) I must come to his aid.

Countess. (*perceiving the* Prince *yet irresolute whether or no to accost him*) Ha! There he is!

Prince. (*speaking as he crosses the saloon without stopping, and passes the* Countess) Bless me! Our charming Countess! I am grieved, Signora, that I cannot avail myself of the honor of your visit. I am engaged. I am not alone. Another time, my dear Countess! Another time! To-day you will return immediately. Immediately! Marinelli, I shall want you. [*Exit* Prince.

SCENE V.

Mar. Well, Countess, you have heard it from himself. Am I worthy of belief?

Countess. (*stupified*) Heard? From himself?

Mar. From himself?

Countess. (*with emotion*) "I am engaged——I am not alone." Is an excuse given to every importunate intruder the respect which is my due? Could he not gild the bitter pill?—"Engaged?" with whom?—"Not alone?" Who is with him? Marinelli, dear Marinelli, take pity on me; invent a falsehood to soothe my anguish; it will cost you so little! How is he engaged? Who is with him? Say any thing, no matter what, and I will be gone.

Mar. (*to himself*) On that condition I may tell you a part of the truth.

Countess. Well, speak, Marinelli. The Prince said "another time, my dear Countess," was it not so? That he may keep his word, that he may have no pretence again to disappoint me, quick, Marinelli, your excuse, and I will depart.

Mar. The Prince, Countess, is actually engaged: there are persons with him whom he can by no means quit! Persons who have escaped a great danger. Count Appiani——

Countess. Is with him? 'Tis a pity you are caught, at the first word, in a falsehood. Quick, another. Count Appiani, if you do not know it, has been shot by banditti. I met his carriage returning with the corpse. Is it true, or was it a dream?

Mar. Alas, it was no dream! But the persons with him, his bride, whom he was conducting to *Sabioncetta*, and her mother, were fortunately saved and brought hither.

Countess. And these are the persons with whom the Prince is engaged? Is the bride handsome?

Mar. His highness is deeply concerned at her misfortune.

Countess. That I will hope he would be, even were she *plain*. Her fate is horrible! Poor child! Thou hast lost him for ever, at the moment he was to have been thy partner for life! Who is the bride? I have so long been absent from town, that I know nothing.

Mar. Emilia Galotti is the young lady.

Countess. Who? Emilia Galotti? Emilia Galotti? Marinelli! Beware lest I take this falsehood for truth!

Mar. Why so?

Countess. Emilia Galotti?

Mar. Of whom you scarcely can have any knowledge.

Countess. Yes, yes; though it were but of a day! Seriously, Marinelli, is it Emilia Galotti? Was *she* the unhappy bride whom the Prince consoles?

Mar. (aside) Have I said too much?

Countess. Was Count Appiani her bridegroom? The deceased Count?

Mar. The same.

Countess. Excellent! Excellent! Most excellent! *(clapping her hands.)*

Mar. What do you mean?

Countess. And I could embrace the fiend that has instigated him to the act.

Mar. Who? Instigated? To what?

Countess. Yes, embrace! though *Marinelli* were that fiend!

Mar. Countess!

Countess. Come hither! Look at me! Stedfastly.

Mar. Well?

Countess. Do you divine my thoughts?

Mar. How should I?

Countess. Are you not a party concerned?

Mar. In what?

Countess. Swear! No, do not swear; you will have another sin to answer for. Yet what is a crime the more to a soul already damned? Are you innocent?

Mar. You terrify me, Countess.

Countess. Indeed! Is your *pure* heart free from suspicion?

Mar. Of what?

Countess. Well, then, I will tell you a secret that will make you shudder. But you are too near the door; we might be overheard. Approach, and listen. *(laying her finger on her lips)* But remember it is a secret! *(approaching her mouth to his ear as if she would whisper, but speaking very loud)* The Prince is an assassin.

Mar. Countess! Countess! Are you frantic?

Countess. Frantic? Ha, ha, ha! (*laughing aloud*) Intellect was never more clear. The Prince, Marinelli—(*softly*) but the secret must go no further—the Prince is certainly an assassin. Appiani fell not by the hand of banditti, but was killed by hired ruffians.

Mar. How can a suspicion, so horrible, escape your lips, or enter your thoughts?

Countess. How? Very naturally. This Emilia Galotti, who is now with the Prince, whose bridegroom was so hastily thrust out of the world, was this morning accosted by his highness in the cathedral after mass: he had a long and interesting conversation with her. Of that I am certain; my courier, who saw them together, brought me the intelligence. Now, *most worthy* Marquis, am I frantic? Can I not discriminate? or will you tell me, *this* too is chance? If so, Sir, you as little understand the vices of men, as the wisdom of Providence.

Mar. Countess, you will bring disgrace on yourself——

Countess. If I speak the truth aloud? So be it! I will proclaim it in the public squares; and he who contradicts me is the assassin's accomplice. Farewell! (*going, is stopped by* Galotti, *who hastily passes her.*)

SCENE VI.—*Enter* Galotti.

Gal. Excuse me, lady——

Countess. I have nothing to excuse: for I have nothing *here* to take amiss. Address yourself to that gentleman. (*showing him* Marinelli.)

Mar. (*aside, looking at* Galotti) The father is come to complete our embarrassment.

Gal. Forgive an anxious father, Signor, for coming unannounced.

Countess. Father? (*again returning*) Emilia's no doubt! Ha! his arrival is fortunate.

Gal. A domestic came breathless to inform me that my family was attacked by banditti in this neighbourhood; I flew to their rescue, and heard that Count Appiani had been conveyed wounded to town, but that my wife and daughter had taken refuge here. Where are they, Signor, where are they?

Mar. Be calm, brave officer; your wife and daughter received no injury, save that of terror: they are both well; the Prince is with them. I will immediately announce you.

Gal. Why announce?

Mar. For reasons you cannot but approve. You know, Colonel, you are not on friendly terms with his highness. If he has kindly received your wife and daughter, it is in consideration of their sex. *Your* unexpected appearance might offend him.

Gal. You are right, Signor.

Mar. But first allow me the honor, fair Countess, of seeing you to your carriage.

Countess. I am in no hurry.

Mar. (*taking her hand*) Nay, it is my duty.

Countess. (*disengaging herself*) Softly so please you! I will excuse your attendance, Signor Marquis. Thus it is with courtiers! They make politeness an obligation that they may neglect essential duties. Go and announce this worthy gentleman; *that* is your province.

Mar. Do you forget the Prince's desire?

Countess. Let him come and repeat it. I fear him not!

Mar. (*aside to* Galotti, *whom he takes apart*) Signor, I must leave you with a lady who—who—whose intellects are—you understand me. I give you this caution that you may affix no importance to the frequent wildness of her discourse: you had better not accost her.

Gal. Very well. Pray announce me, Signor. [*Exit* Marinelli.

SCENE VII.—*The* Countess *looking at* Galotti *with compassion; he slightly glances at her.*

Countess. (*after a pause*) So the Marquis whispered to you! Unfortunate man——

Gal. (*half aloud*) Unfortunate?

Countess. He spoke not truth; and least of all the truths which await your ear.

Gal. Await? Know I not enough? Lady!—But speak, speak!

Countess. You know nothing.

Gal. Nothing?

Countess. Tender and excellent father! Oh, that you were mine! Forgive me! The unfortunate should be one family! Your rage should be mine, and no less would I share your affliction.

Gal. Rage? Affliction? Lady! But I forget. Continue.

Countess. If it were your only daughter, your only child! Nay, were she not—The child whom calamity overtakes is ever the dearest.

Gal. Calamity? Madam! Why do I question her? Yet, by Heaven, this is not the language of insanity.

Countess. Insanity? Was *that* the secret he had to impart? Well well; it was not perhaps the worst of his impostures. I feel he might in that be right, and believe me, Signor, he whose understanding can unshaken support *certain things*, has none to lose.

Gal. What am I to think?

Countess. That I merit your esteem! You, worthy man, have understanding; it is written on your respectable and determined brow. Yet if I say but a word it is lost.

Gal. Madam! Madam! Speak to the point at once, or I shall have none to lose. Keep me not on the rack, or I will not allow you are of that class of the deranged who deserve our pity and esteem. Speak, or I shall cease to respect you.

Countess. Then listen. You have been informed that Appiani is wounded: only wounded? The Count is dead!

Gal. Dead? Dead? Ah, Madam—This is too much! You threatened to rob me of my understanding, and you break my heart.

Countess. This is not all. The bridegroom is dead; and the bride, your daughter, worse than dead!

Gal. Worse than dead? Oh say she is dead! for I know but *one* thing worse than death.

Countess. No, good father, not dead! She lives, she lives! She now breathes a new existence: pleasures, rapture, and adoration, while they last, will make life one scene of varied delights.

Gal. Madam, speak at once the fatal word! Make me frantic: distil not your poison drop by drop into my soul: speak!

Countess. This morning the Prince addressed your daughter in the cathedral: this afternoon she is at his country seat. Combine the facts.

Gal. The Prince addressed my daughter?

Countess. With ardor and familiarity! They had not a *little* to say. If he gained her consent, if no violence was used, it is fortunate: in that case no rape has been committed—only a trifling assassination.

Gal. Calumny, atrocious calumny! I know my daughter: if murder has been committed, violence must have been used. (*looks wildly round and stamps*) Now, Claudia! Now, fond mother! Are we not much indebted to his princely courtesy? Gracious Prince! Enviable distinctions!

Countess. Does it work, good father, does it work?

Gal. I am in the tiger's den. (*shaking his cloak, and finding himself without any weapon*) No steel! (*searching his pockets*) Nothing! Nothing! Still I have hands!

Countess. Ha! I understand! I can relieve your difficulties. (*drawing out a dagger*) Take it quick ere we are surprised. I have another resource left: poison! But that is a woman's weapon. (*presenting the dagger*) Take it! Take it!

Gal. Thanks! Thanks! Dear lady, this arm shall chastise whoever dares impeach your understanding.

Countess. Lose no time! Hide the dagger. The opportunity of using it is denied me: *you* will be more fortunate, and seize the first occasion that offers; for *you* are a man. I am but a woman, yet my resolution was fixed. Our confidence may be mutual, for we are both injured, both insulted, by the

same bland monster. Oh, if you knew the cruel, the unspeakable, wrongs he has inflicted, nay still inflicts on me, you would forget your own. Do you know me? I am Orsina, the deceived, abandoned Orsina. Abandoned, it is true, perhaps, to make way for your daughter: but is it her fault? She will soon be succeeded by another and another. Ha! (*in rhapsody*) What a heavenly idea! If we all (*we* the innumerable victims whom he has abandoned) could be changed into Bacchantes, into Furies, if we could fall upon the seducer and tear him piece-meal, till we had found that heart which the traitor promised to all but gave to none, how delicious were the banquet of revenge!

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* CLAUDIA.

Claud. (*looking round her, perceives and flies to her husband*) I was not mistaken! Ah, our protector, our saviour! Art thou come, Edward? So I supposed from the whispers and looks they interchanged. What shall I say, if thou art in ignorance? What if thou know'st the worse?—But we are innocent. I am innocent; thy daughter is innocent! In every respect innocent!

Gal. (*endeavouring to calm his agitation*) Good! Good! Only be calm and answer me. (*to the* Countess) Not that I have any doubts, Madam——Is the Count dead?

Claud. Alas, he is!

Gal. Did the Prince speak, this morning, to Emilia in the cathedral?

Claud. He did: but if thou hadst seen her terror, the agitation in which she returned——

Countess. Have I deceived you?

Gal. (*with a bitter smile*) I would not for worlds that you had.

Countess. Am I in my proper senses?

Gal. (*walking to and fro in violent agitation*) Oh!—I have not yet lost mine!

Claud. Thou bad'st me be tranquil, dearest husband: let me, in turn, conjure thee——

Gal. Tranquil? Am I not calm? Can man be calmer? (*restraining his feelings*) Knows Emilia that Appiani is dead?

Claud. She cannot know it; but I fear his absence gives her suspicion of the melancholy truth.

Gal. She weeps and complains?——

Claud. No, that is past: thou know'st she is at once the most timid and courageous of her sex: she is not mistress of the first emotion; but, that over, nothing can shake her fortitude. She holds the Prince at a distance, speaks to him in a tone!——Come, Edward, let us depart!

Gal. I came on horseback: what is to be done? (*to the*

Countess) Your carriage waits, Madam, to conduct you to town?

Countess. It does.

Gal. Would you permit my wife to be your companion?

Countess. Why not? Most willingly.

Gal. Claudia! (*presenting her to the* Countess) The Countess Orsina: a lady of excellent sense, my friend and benefactress. Thou wilt accompany her to town and send the carriage here: Emilia must not return to Guastalla, but go with me.

Claud. But—if—I am loath to part from the child.

Gal. Does not her father remain? They cannot refuse me access to her. No objections! Your hand, Countess! (*aside to her*) You shall hear from me! (*aloud*) Come, Claudia!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

The Scene continues.

SCENE I.—Marinelli, *the* Prince.

Marinelli.

YOUR highness may see him from this window walking to and fro under the arcades—he stoops to enter. No; he again turns back. He is not yet himself, but he is much calmer, at least he affects to be, which to us is the same. It is not probable he will dare express the suspicions those women have raised. His wife, as Battista heard, is to send him the carriage; for he came on horseback. Be assured, Prince, when he appears in your presence, he will humbly thank your highness for the gracious succour his family has received on this melancholy occasion, recommend his daughter to your future favor, quietly return with her to *Guastalla*, and there wait in submissive expectation of the consolation your highness may give his dear unhappy Emilia.

Prince. Should he not prove so tractable? And I very much question he will: I know him too well; granting he conceal his suspicions and stifle his resentment, if he take his daughter to *Sabionetta*, instead of returning to the city; keep her with him, or immure her in a convent, out of my territories; how shall I overcome that difficulty?

Mar. The fears of love are extravagant: he will do no such thing.

Prince. But if he should, how will the death of the unhappy Count benefit us?

Mar. Why this gloomy retrospection? The victor boldly advances, nor looks who falls, be it friend or foe. If the old

churl should prove untractable, what have you to fear, Prince? (*reflecting*) Good! I have hit it! He shall not remove her further than we like: mark me, Prince: *shall not!* But we must not lose sight of him. (*goes to the window*) He had almost taken us by surprise; he comes: let him give free vent to his anger; in the mean while, Prince, you shall hear how we may elude the evil you dread.

Prince. (*threatening*) Marinelli!

Mar. Oh, in the most innocent manner possible. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* GALOTTI.

Gal. Nobody here? Good! I shall have time to cool! Nothing is more contemptible than a greybeard with the rash impetuosity of youth; my reason tells me this daily, yet I yield to the blind impulse of rage: and by whom was it excited? A woman whose jealousy has disordered her intellect. What affinity have the injuries of insulted virtue to the revenge of vice?—But I must save her! And thy cause, my son! (I never could weep, nor will I learn to-day) Thy cause I will trust to Heaven. I am content that thy assassin enjoy not the fruits of his crime: this will inflict greater torments than his conscience. When he roves in search of happiness from pleasure to pleasure, the recollection of this untasted joy will embitter every delight; in his dreams the bleeding bridegroom shall lead his bride to the couch; then, if he stretch his voluptuous arm toward her, he'll laugh in mockery, and the murderer shuddering awake.

SCENE III.—*Enter* MARINELLI.

Mar. Signor Galotti, where are you?

Gal. Has my daughter been here?

Mar. No; but the Prince has been seeking you.

Gal. His highness will excuse me. I conducted the Countess to her carriage.

Mar. Well?

Gal. Good lady!

Mar. And your wife?

Gal. Is returned with the Countess to send the carriage for her daughter. The Prince will permit us so long to intrude?

Mar. Why this ceremony? His highness proposed to have conducted the ladies to town in his own carriage.

Gal. My daughter must, at least, have declined the honor.

Mar. How so?

Gal. She must return to *Guastalla* no more.

Mar. No more? Nay, why?

Gal. The Count is dead.

Mar. Which is a stronger reason for her——

Gal. To go with me.

Mar. With you?

Gal. With me. The Count, I repeat, Signor, is dead. *Guastalla* is no place for her: she shall go with me.

Mar. Certainly the future abode of the daughter will depend on the father; but first——

Gal. What?

Mar. You must suffer her to be brought to *Guastalla.*

Gal. My daughter? To *Guastalla*? Brought? And why?

Mar. Why? Pray reflect——

Gal. (*passionately*) Reflect? I reflect that nothing here needs reflection. She shall, she must, go with me.

Mar. Signor, why so angry? I may be mistaken; that which I hold indispensable may be unnecessary. The Prince shall decide. I will bring him hither. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Gal. How! Never! Give the law to me? Pretend to dispose of my daughter? Who dares so much? He who may dare all with impunity? Good, good! He shall see how much I too can dare when provoked. Short-sighted voluptuary! I fear thee not! The Prince, whom no law restrains, is odious as the despot who has no laws to restrain him; is that a truth thou hast to learn? Come! Come!—But whither does passion hurry me? Again I suffer my wrath to cloud my understanding. Before I act, I must know the extent of my injuries. The prating of a courtier is insignificant as himself: had I suffered him to continue, I might have learned under what pretence they would have her return to *Guastalla*, and have prepared an answer: but can I be ever at a loss? Peace, greybeard, peace!

SCENE V.—Marinelli, *the* Prince, Galotti.

Prince. Ah, my dear and estimable Galotti! Was such an accident necessary to bring you to your Prince? But I will spare reproaches.

Gal. In all cases, your highness, I hold it unbecoming a subject to approach his sovereign uncalled. I beg your highness will excuse the intrusion.

Prince. Oh, that others had your proud modesty! But now to the affair which brings you here. You wish to see your daughter? She is again afflicted at the sudden departure of her tender mother. Why separate them? I only waited till the amiable Emilia should be fully recovered to conduct them to *Guastalla:* you have in part deprived me of this triumph, but it shall not entirely be lost.

Gal. Your highness is too gracious! Suffer me, Prince, to spare my unhappy child the various mortifications which from

friends and foes, pity and insulting joy, await her at *Guastalla*.

Prince. It were cruel to deprive her of the sweet condolence of friendship. I will take care, dear Galotti, the shafts of envy or malice shall not reach her.

Gal. Prince, paternal love is jealous of its tender duties. I am the best judge of that which now becomes my unhappy daughter: retirement for the moment, and a convent as soon as possible.

Prince. A convent?

Gal. Till then she shall remain under the care of her father.

Prince. Shall beauty so uncommon be immured in a convent? Shall a first disappointment render mankind hateful to us? Yet nobody can dispute a father's right: conduct your daughter, Galotti, where you please.

Gal. (*to* Marinelli) Now, Signor?

Mar. If you defy me!——

Gal. Oh, not in the least.

Prince. What is the subject of dispute?

Gal. Nothing, Prince, nothing. We only were contending who had judged your highness truly.

Prince. In what? Speak, Marinelli.

Mar. I am sorry to interfere with the condescension of my Prince, but the laws of friendship are sacred.

Prince. What friendship?

Mar. Your highness knows how highly I esteemed Count Appiani; the sympathy of our inclinations.

Gal. Heard you that, Prince? Sympathy! You are the only person that does.

Mar. Named by him his avenger——

Gal. *You?*

Mar. Ask your lady. Marinelli was the last word of the dying Count: and pronounced in a tone! A tone! May this terrific tone incessantly appal my soul if I do not take every means to discover and bring his assassins to justice.

Prince. You may rely on my support.

Gal. And my warmest wishes for your success. Good! Good! But to what does this lead?

Prince. Ay, Marinelli, be explicit.

Mar. People suspect that Appiani was not shot by banditti.

Gal. (*ironically*) Indeed?

Mar. But that he was sacrificed to make way for a rival.

Gal. (*bitterly*) Ha! A rival?

Mar. Even so.

Gal. May curses o'ertake the vile assassin!

Mar. A rival, nay a *favoured* rival.

Gal. How? Favoured? What say you?

Mar. Nothing but what rumor has whispered.

Gal. A rival? Favored by my daughter?

Mar. No: I would contradict her father were he to maintain such an opinion. (*to the* Prince) But in all cases, Prince, the most favorable presumptions have no balance in the scale of justice; and we cannot avoid interrogating the lovely and unfortunate Emilia.

Prince. Certainly not.

Mar. And where can this take place, if not at *Guastalla?*

Prince. You are right, Marinelli! You are right. Yes, yes; that alters the case, dear Galotti. Does it not? You must see——

Gal. Oh yes; I see!—I see what I see. God! Oh God!

Prince. What thus moves you? Why so angry with yourself?

Gal. That I did not sooner discover what I now so plainly see, nothing more. Well; she shall return to *Guastalla:* I will again take her to her mother, and, till the strictest examination have entirely absolved her, I will not quit the city. For who knows, (*with a bitter smile*) who knows that justice may not find it necessary to examine *me* too.

Mar. Very possibly! In such cases justice would rather exceed the mark than be negligent: for which reason I fear——

Prince. What?

Mar. That the mother and daughter will not be suffered to hold conference.

Gal. Not suffered?

Mar. And that it will be found necessary to separate them.

Gal. Separate the mother and daughter?

Mar. Mother, daughter, and father. The forms of an interrogation absolutely require this etiquette. I am extremely concerned, Prince, that I must enforce the necessity of Emilia's being at least conveyed to a place of security.

Gal. To a place of security? Prince! Prince!—Yes; certainly! Certainly! To a place of security! Is it not so, Prince? Is it not? Oh how scrupulous is justice! Excellent! (*suddenly feels in his pocket where he has the dagger.*)

Prince. (*flattering and approaching him*) Be calm, dear Galotti.

Gal. (*aside, withdrawing his hand empty*) There spoke his guardian angel!

Prince. You misunderstand the Marquis; you suppose he means a prison?

Gal. Let me think so, and I shall be at peace.

Prince. Not a word of imprisonment, Marinelli! It is easy to combine the forms of justice with the respect due to irreproachable virtue. If Emilia must be separated from her parents, the house of my chancellor is a proper asylum. No objections, Marinelli. I will conduct her thither myself, and consign her

to the care of his respectable consort: she will answer that the young lady is safe. If you require more, Marinelli, you are unreasonable. (*to* Galotti) You know the chancellor Grimaldi, and his lady?

Gal. Certainly; as well as the amiable daughters of the noble pair: who does not? (*to* Marinelli) No, Signor, do not yield: if Emilia must be taken from us, let her be confined in the deepest dungeon: insist upon this, I conjure you.—Fool that I am with my request! Grey-headed fool! Yes; the good siby! was right: he whose reason can unshaken support *certain things*, has none to lose!

Prince. I understand you not, dear Galotti: what more can I do? Be calm, I conjure you. Yes, yes; the house of my chancellor shall receive her: I will be her conductor; and, if she is not treated with the respect she merits, my word is of no weight: but fear nothing; all will go well. You, Galotti, will either follow us to *Guastalla*, or return to *Sabionetta*, as you please: it were ridiculous to lay down the law to you. Adieu, dear Galotti, till we meet again. Come, Marinelli; it grows late.

Gal. (*who has stood deep in thought*) How? Shall I not speak with my daughter? Not even here? I agree to all: the contrivance is excellent; the house of a chancellor, no doubt, the temple of virtue. Take my daughter there, Prince, and only there; but let me first speak with her. She is ignorant of the Count's death; she will not conceive why she is separated from her parents: suffer me tenderly to acquaint her with the calamities which have overtaken her. I must see her, Prince, I must!

Prince. Then follow me.

Gal. Oh, a daughter may come to her father! I must see her alone; our conversation will be short: pray send her to me, Prince.

Prince. She shall come! Oh, Galotti, that you would be my friend, my guide, my father!

[*Exeunt the* Prince *and* Marinelli.

SCENE VI.

Gal. (*looking after the* Prince: *a pause*) Why not? With all my heart. Ha, ha, ha! (*looking wildly round*) Who laughs? By Heaven I believe 'twas myself! Good! 'Tis pleasant, very pleasant!——It draws to an end, no matter what; but (*pause*) if she participate the guilt? If it were an every day intrigue? If she be unworthy of the sacrifice I would make? (*pause*) Make? What sacrifice? Have I the courage to own it to myself? It is but a thought! The thought of a moment. Horrible! Avaunt! Avaunt! I will not wait for her. No! (*raising his eyes to heaven*) That Power which has plunged innocence in

this abyss, will snatch her from the precipice. Is my weak arm required? Away! (*going, sees* Emilia) Too late! Ah! Heaven demands my arm!

SCENE VII.—*Enter* Emilia.

Emil. How? You here, my father? Alone? Where is my mother? Where is the Count? And wherefore are you thus agitated?

Gal. And thou, my child, so calm?

Emil. Why not, my father? All is lost or nothing: tranquillity, whether forced or natural, has the same effects.

Gal. But what does thy heart forbode?

Emil. That all is lost——and yet, my father, we must be tranquil.

Gal. Who art thou? A woman? And my daughter? Must the man and the parent blush in thy presence? But say what meanest thou?——That the Count is dead?

Emil. And the cause, the cause! Ah, my father, the horrible history, which I read in the wild and tearful eye of my mother, is then true? Where is she? Whither is she gone?

Gal. Home; if we could but follow her!

Emil. The sooner the better: for, if the Count be dead, if his death had such a cause, why stay we here? Let us fly, my father!

Gal. Fly? Ah, that flight were in our power! Thou art in the ravisher's hands, and must there remain.

Emil. I remain in his power?

Gal. Alone; without thy mother, without me.

Emil. Alone? Never, my father! Never! Your daughter torn from your protecting arms? Oh, fear it not! Who shall dare detain me? Who force my will? Where is the man who can force the will of another?

Gal. I thought, my child, thou wert tranquil.

Emil. I am, I am! But what is tranquillity? Basely suffering that which cannot, must not, be endured?

Gal. Ha! If such are thy thoughts, let me embrace thee, my child. I always said Nature designed woman for her masterpiece, but that her materials were too delicate: in all, thy sex excels ours. Ah, if thy tranquillity has so noble a basis, mine is again restored: let me take thee to my heart! Know, then—under the pretence of interrogating thee before the tribunal of justice, oh infernal contrivance, they tear thee from our arms to conduct thee to Grimaldi.

Emil. Tear me from your arms? Dare they propose this? Have *we* no will, my father?

Gal. Burning with indignation, my hand was upon this dagger (*drawing it out*) to stab one or both to the heart.

Emil. Forbid it Heaven! This life is all the wicked can expect. Give me the dagger, my father!

Gal. Child, it is no hair bodkin.

Emil. Nay, if it were, it still would perform the dagger's friendly part.

Gal. What? Is the case so desperate? Not yet; not yet. Remember thou hast only one life to lose.

Emil. And but one innocence!

Gal. Of which no force can rob thee.

Emil. But of which seduction may. Force? Who cannot resist it? Seduction is real violence. My feelings are youthful, and strong, as those of others: I have senses too. I am a weak creature who may be led astray. I know the house of Grimaldi; it is the temple of pleasure: a single hour spent in that society with my respectable mother raised a tumult in my soul which the strictest exercises of religion in a week scarcely could subdue. Of religion; and of what a religion! Thousands have sought refuge from dishonor in the overwhelming waves, and are sainted: the dagger! The dagger, my father!

Gal. If you knew what a dagger is!

Emil. A friend unknown is still a friend. Oh, give it! Give it me!

Gal. If I were to comply?—There. (*giving it.*)

Emil. And there! (*going to stab herself, is prevented by her father, who snatches the dagger.*)

Gal. Rash girl! No; it is not for thy hand.

Emil. True, a bodkin will serve. (*she searches for one in her hair, and feels the rose on her head*) Thou still there? Down, down, thou shouldst not deck the head of one——such as my father wishes me to be!

Gal. Oh, my daughter!

Emil. Oh, my father, if I understand you! Yet, no; you will not do't; or why so long have delayed? (*in a bitter tone, while she plucks the leaves of the rose*) In ancient times we're told a father to save his daughter from dishonor plunged the welcome dagger in her bosom, and gave her second life; but those were deeds of ancient times; such fathers have no existence now.

Gal. They have, my child, they have! (*stabbing her*) God! What have I done! (*catching her in his arms.*)

Emil. Plucked a rose ere it was rudely broken by the storm.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter the* PRINCE, MARINELLI.

Prince. (*entering*) How? Is not Emilia well?

Gal. Very well! Very well!

Prince. (*approaching*) What do I see? Oh, horror!

Mar. (*aside*) I am lost!

Prince. Cruel father, what have you done?

Gal. "Plucked a rose ere it was rudely broken by the storm:"——was it not so, my daughter?

Emil. Not you, my father!—I—I——

Gal. No, my child, not thee! Quit not the world with an untruth on thy lips. Not thee, my daughter; thy father, thy wretched father!

Emil. Ah!——My father! (*she dies:* Galotti *lays her gently on the floor.*)

Gal. Thou art saved!—Well, Prince, does she still charm? Does this lifeless corpse, whose blood cries vengeance on your head, still excite desire?—(*after a pause*) But you wait for the finishing stroke: you expect, perhaps, I shall bury the dagger in my heart, like the cowardly hero of a wretched tragedy? You are mistaken. Here! (*throwing the dagger at his feet*) Here lies the bloody witness of my crime. I will deliver myself into the hands of justice: I go to meet you at her awful tribunal as my judge: then I shall expect you before the Judge of the universe! [*Exit.*

Prince. (*after a pause, during which he gazes on the corpse with horror and despair, to* Marinelli) Here! Take it up!—— How! you hesitate?——Wretch!——(*snatching the dagger from him*) Yet no, thy blood shall not mix with so pure a stream. Be gone, and never let me see thee more! Be gone, I say!—God! God!——Is it not sufficient, for the misery of their subjects, that princes are but men; must they be surrounded by fiends who assume the mask of friendship?

The Curtain falls.

REMARKS.

THE chief defect in this Tragedy is that it is written in an explanatory, colloquial, and prosaic style: but this is what may be almost called the mortal sin of German literature; it has never yet attained that laconic indication of the passions, which is best calculated to express their rapid, confused, and desperate course.

In other respects, Emilia Galotti is a masterpiece: the progress of the plot is truly dramatic, the contrast of the characters is finely imagined, and the feelings excited are among the noblest within the province of the tragic muse. This piece only requires a master hand to lop away its superfluities, preserve its beauties, and link them in a quick and poetical succession, to render it perhaps the finest modern tragedy known to the stage.

DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY.

LESSING.

IT appears to be the prevailing doctrine, among the best critics in Germany, that Lessing is justly esteemed the greatest of their dramatic authors. Whether he has been lately rivalled by Goethe, Schiller, or Kotzebue, will be a subject more likely to be justly decided when those authors are no longer living. The name of Kotzebue, particularly, has, by the Germans themselves, been eminently treated with disrespect: while his works have been translated into all the languages of civilized Europe; and, in several instances, they have been every where, not merely well, but, rapturously received.

Whether the name of Lessing may be eclipsed, or not, it never can be far thrown into the back ground, among the present poets of Germany: nay, it will maintain a distinguished place, while true pictures of an imperfect state of morality shall continue to delight mankind.

It forms a part of the plan, of the Theatrical Recorder, to afford candid examples, as far as they can be afforded by translation, of the comparative merits of foreign dramatic authors. In the present number, therefore, the tragedy of *Emilia Galotti* is given; and this piece will hereafter be followed by one which is avowed to be the best of Lessing's comedies: *Minna von Barnhelm.*

Either the lives of men of literature have seldom that variety of incident, which is common to men of the world, or, such variety is seldom recorded. Bodily activity rather distinguishes the latter class, and mental the men who become famous in literature. They delight in the stillness of solitude, the seclusion of college walls, and the mute language of books. When they escape from these, it is but to associate with their prototypes; men of similar pursuits, propensities, and pleasures.

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was a native of *Kamenz,* a small town in *Lausitz,* or Lusatia, where his father was a clergyman.

He was born in 1729, received the first part of his education from his father, who was a pious and learned man, and afterward from private teachers and the school of the place. From this, he went to the foundation school at *Meissen*, where he employed five years in studying ancient and modern languages, philosophy, and mathematics. The poets of antiquity were his delight: he entered into their spirit, translated, imitated, and from them produced poems of his own.

In 1746, he left Meissen, and went to the university of *Leipsic*, there to study theology, and the higher sciences: but he appears to have had no affection for the academical teachers there, J. A. Ernesti the philologist excepted, and rather chose to be his own master. His principal studies were philosophy, aesthetics*, mathematics, and natural history.

From his youth, Lessing had a strong propensity to dramatic poetry, and, while at Leipsic, cultivated the friendship of *Felix Weisse*, whose theatrical works are in such high estimation in Germany. He had also much intercourse with the players, who formed the company of *Madam Neuber*, and here wrote his first comic pieces: *Damon*, and *Die alte Jungfer*, which met with universal success.

Quitting Leipsic, Lessing joined his intimate friend, *Christlob Milius*, at Berlin, and here published his first collection of excellent poems, under the title *Kleinigkeiten*, or trifles, which, with some other writings, appeared in 1750.

He went thence to Wittenberg, where his younger brother, J. Gottlieb studied. Here he took the title of *Magister*, and, among other things, wrote a critic on the beginning of the Messiah, by Klopstock.

About two years afterward, he returned to Berlin; where, in addition to a political journal, which was continued till the year 1756, he produced several learned works, began the *Theatralische Bibliotheque*, and made acquaintance and friendship with Friedrich Nikolai, Mendelsohn, Ramler, Sultzer, and others.

In 1756, he was appointed Hofmeister, at Leipsic, and was

* A word, in German literature, signifying principles of taste.

to accompany a young gentleman on his travels; but these travels were never begun, and Lessing remained at Leipsic till the year 1759, during which period he published various original works and translations.

He then once more returned to Berlin, and, in the following year, accompanied the Prussian general, *Tauenzien*, to *Breslaw*, as his secretary. This place he held till 1765, when he left Breslaw, visited his father at Kamenz, his friends at Leipsic, and once again came to Berlin, where he laboured at his *Laokoon* [Laocon].

Some wealthy friends of the dramatic art, at *Hamburg*, invited him to join them, in 1766, and aid in the improvement of the theatre, both as a poet and a critic. This office he undertook, but the theatre at Hamburg did not then succeed. The world however profited by the undertaking, for here Lessing wrote his *Dramaturgie*; a work full of acute and excellent criticism, on the dramatic art.

At this period, he also took part in the plan which *Bode*, of Hamburg, had formed, and, with the aid of men of letters, endeavoured to perfect; which was that of bringing German literature into better repute, by printing good editions of the best authors. *Klopstock*, *Von Gerstenberg*, *Zacharia*, and others, contributed their new works, in order to promote this undertaking. *Klopstock* made a journey to Vienna, in the hope that it would be supported by the emperor, Joseph, who appeared desirous to perform some eminent service to literature. Obstinate people however interfered, and the failure of the scheme so embittered Lessing that he proposed wholly to renounce the German muse, to retire to Italy, and there to write in Latin, for the learned world alone.

In 1770, we find him librarian at Wolfenbüttel, with the title of *Hofrath*, or court counsellor, to the duke of Brunswic. Here, in company with Prince Leopold of Brunswic, and to recreate his thoughts, he undertook a journey through Berlin and Vienna to Italy; and, at the end of eight months, again returned to Wolfenbüttel. In this library, his active mind was employed in the discovery and publication of its treasures, and he drew from it several. *Beiträge zu Geschichte und*

Litteratur *; he also committed to the press *Die Fragmente eines ungennante Deisten* †, which he there found. This terrible performance set the theological world in flames, excited a violent paper war, and drew on the editor many vexations; chiefly at the instigation of the pastor, Melchior Göz, of Hamburg. Our author, in 1778, then wrote Nathan, the Sage; which appeared the year following.

In the interim, he had married Madam König, a widow lady of Hamburg, who died in two years. From that period, he courted solitude; his health declined, he fell into a lethargy, and expired at Brunswic, 1781, on the 15th of February.

The above account of the life of Lessing is chiefly extracted from an exceedingly useful work, before quoted ‡, entitled *Handbuch der poetischen Litteratur der Deutschen: von* C. F. R. Vetterlein: in which is given an account of the various editions of the works of Lessing. From these works it appears that Lessing spent a most indefatigable and honorable life, in those inquiries which he thought best could promote polite literature, and especially the dramatic art. Germany, in particular, is everlastingly indebted to his labors, which were unremitting, stimulated by the purest motives, and rewarded by the love and fame which he deserved. Active men of every class, who devote themselves to any useful purpose, deserve the reward and praise of the world: but men of literary and scientific research, perhaps, the most; for they promote that best and most necessary part of the accumulated knowledge of men, on which their social talents, moral virtues, and ultimate happiness depend.

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* Aids to History and Literature.

† Fragment by an anonymous Deist.

‡ See life of Gellert: No. I. Theatrical Recorder, p. 51.

PIECES

FIRST PERFORMED IN APRIL AND MAY, 1805.

OF the new Pieces that have appeared, since the last number of this work, no other mention deserves to be made than that of simply recording insignificant facts: nor indeed has any appeared, but for the benefits of performers; and some of these are of so heterogeneous a kind that they are of no class, being chiefly extracts from old pieces.

The Soldier's Return, a comic opera of two acts, Drury-Lane, was barely mentioned in the last number, and merits nothing more in the present; except perhaps that it afforded Miss De Camp an opportunity to happily display her lively talents. The music, by Mr. Hooke, might have been worthy of a much better piece: the author of the words has not published his name. This piece appeared in April, previous to pieces for benefits.

The Venetian Outlaw was brought out by Mr. Elliston, for his benefit, and has been performed three times since. It is indeed an inefficient translation of a French piece, performed three years ago on the Boulevards, at Paris, and entitled *l'Homme a trois Visages*. I believe that the origin of this piece, and of our very admirable tragedy, Venice Preserved, strange to say, is the same, and derived from *La Conjuration de Venise*, by the Abbé Saint Réal. However, I do not state this as a fact, but as a conjecture.

The screaming and violence of Mrs. H. Johnson I have heard mentioned, by those who have seen this piece, with much disapprobation. If it be true, which I can neither deny nor affirm, I would be the first to warn her against and dissuade her from seeking applause by such means. In general, she has so much talent, and so natural and charming a manner of speaking, that it must truly grieve any true judge of theatrical merit to see these qualities debased, or in danger of change for the worse. If she can acquire a still more perfect articulation, and greater power of voice, with a still nicer discriminating

feeling of the passions, she will bid fair to become one of the first performers on the stage.

For the benefit of Mr. Bannister, a translation of another French piece, of one act, was given, entitled, in the original, *Défiance et Malice;* and by the translator *Personation;* a word not much in use, and rather affected. It consists but of two characters, which were performed by Mr. Bannister and Miss De Camp; and the intrigue arises from the young lady sometimes disguising herself, and assuming the character of her gouvernante, and her lover pretending and appearing to be his own steward, while they alternately assume their natural characters. In the original, it has some wit and pleasantry: with the translation I am unacquainted.

THE ART OF ACTING.

(*Continued from No.* V. *p.* 349.)

CHAP. IV.

Of Propriety of Demeanor and of Action. The Class of Heroes.

AMONG the defects mentioned in the last chapter, I forgot one, which is very common: that of bowing and courtesying, at improper times, to an audience.

It appears strange that actors should have so little considered the nature of dramatic exhibition, as not to have it imprinted on their minds, that, when they are on the stage, they are supposed to be real and not fictitious persons; and that it is an injury, to scenic effect, whenever they are otherwise remembered than as the characters they represent.

In this respect, they should set the audience a good example: for audiences are composed of a large mixture of the illiterate, the inconsiderate, and persons educated among the vulgar; or only half informed, at best; with a select few, capable of distinguishing the merits of the excellent actor, and of bestowing well-deserved applause.

Performers, who are frequently seen in characters favorable to an actor, must be bad indeed, if they do not become the delight of the audience. When they appear, a social and pleasing gratitude bestows applause: but of this, whatever may be the feelings of the heart, the actor should appear to know nothing; for the applause is to the person, and to notice it is totally to forget the character, which is neither living nor present.

Scenic illusion is thus destroyed, and too often by that which betrays something like meanness of mind: for, surely, nothing can be more egotistical, or have a more pitiful humble air of begging approbation, than the manner in which performers, especially singers, will repeat their bows and courteseys, whenever they can find the slightest pretence. Like children watching for sugar-plums, they cry, Oh, how sweet! Pray let me have a little more!

At the beginning of a season, on a benefit night, or whenever a performer has personally to address an audience, are the chief if not the only times at which such reciprocal gratitude ought to be publicly expressed. Any of the injudicious acts of a mixed audience cannot authorize want of judgment, much less absurdity, in an actor.

I shall now proceed to consider that very essential branch, of the actor's art, which consists in characteristic demeanor.

To afford him assistance in this, since it will be impossible to specify the numberless characters that the drama includes, I shall endeavour to arrange the whole under different heads; and to divide them so as that they may all refer to one, or other, of these classes.

I cannot foresee the number of chapters that this may require. To note down all the varieties which would agree with and are indeed demanded in all the characters that have been drawn, or that may be imagined, would be an equally vain and puerile attempt: the best manner of developing the subject, perhaps, will be to choose characters familiar to the stage and to general observation, so as to classify action, and in part to discriminate, sometimes the shades and at others the

strong differences, that ought generally to vary or contrast them in representation. I will begin with

HEROES.

The stage affords but few, if any, pure specimens of this class; for it generally requires other qualities to predominate, such as the lover or the ruler, and only to suffer those of the hero partially to be seen. I recollect none, in tragedy, in whom the heroic qualities appear more conspicuous than in Henry V. as drawn by Shakspeare.

The actor, who should be sufficiently attentive to the lessons given by our immortal bard, would generally find his principal characters so described, so marked, so individualized, that no man scarcely could err, concerning the manner in which these characters ought to appear. Henry V. is a hero; but he is also a king, and so pourtrayed, by the poet; with all that richness, yet true discrimination, that could at once dignify both king and hero. But the present inquiry must be confined to the heroic qualities of Henry.

Some may think that in the character of Hotspur the hero only is represented; and therefore that taste and judgment would rather select Hotspur, than Henry V. to exemplify the class of heroes. To this it may be answered, that Hotspur had many but not all of the heroic qualities; that his cognomen, Hotspur, did itself denote his deficiency; that his intemperance was such as, in a certain degree, to deprive him of his rank of hero; and that he sunk before the more perfect heroism of his rival, whom he too rashly despised.

Let the actor imagine Henry delivering the verbal challenge in his father's presence to Hotspur: let him observe the praise he bestows on his rival, and the modesty yet the firmness of his words, and figure to himself the deportment proper for such a scene.

> In both our armies, there is many a soul
> Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
> If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
> The Prince of Wales doth join, with all the World,
> In praise of Henry Piercy: by my hopes—
> This present enterprise set off his head—

I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet—this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name, and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

In this speech, the determined yet the cool hero is most admirably drawn.

In the next scene, not only his words but his manner of delivering them are thus charmingly described by Vernon.

Hot. Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? Seem'd it in contempt.
Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly.
. . . . . .
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching and of learning, instantly.

The action is now to be considered.

Henry's words and deportment must have agreed; they must both have been totally unassuming; yet, in them both, the most unshaken fortitude could not but have been apparent. The actor, therefore, should stand firm, and erect; except that there should be no pride, not the slightest assuming air; the body and the head should have an almost imperceptible inclination forward: every action should have a quickness approaching rapidity, to denote the ardor of his mind; yet so tempered, and restrained, as still more forcibly to suggest the fortitude and heroic continency of the hero. When he comes to the line—

Yet—this before my father's majesty—

the struggle with himself to contain the glorious daring, which almost shook his frame, should be apparent: there ought to

be a momentary swelling and stiffening of every limb; yet as instantly once more to be tempered, by the apprehension of being thought a boaster. He should then proceed with a distinct articulation, not a loud or threatening voice, and with every corresponding firm majesty of gesture, to deliver thoughts, publicly, which had been privately but thoroughly examined, and concerning which his resolution was not to be shaken. His action of arm should be seldom, but impressive.

This deportment, with those small variations that circumstances may demand, will be generally proper for heroes, when speaking before persons whom they revere, but are fitted to command: it must always contain a mixture of ease and amiable feelings, but a determination and cool fortitude that pictures the hero who speaks.

There cannot be a greater mistake than to imagine that the heroic qualities of the soul ever appear in any exaggerated manner. The superiority of man to man is then most decidedly pourtrayed, when the energy of action and of language are controlled, just so far as to convince the spectator that, though that energy is mighty, it is held in due yet grand subordination. The actor, who performs Henry V. should never for a moment forget that he represents a monarch, of whom Shakspeare makes the Archbishop of Canterbury say, that, at the very moment when his father died—

> Consideration, like an angel, came,
> And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him;
> Leaving his body as a paradise,
> T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.

And afterward,

> List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
> A fearful battle render'd you in music.
> When he speaks,
> The air, a charter'd libertine, is still;
> And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
> To steal his sweet and honied sentences.

These descriptions, separately and collectively, ought to be studied by the actor, and so familiarized to his mind as to be

visible, as well in his whole deportment as in every individual gesture, step, and look: especially in his tone of utterance. He ought to be well aware that no man, who blusters, bullies, speaks loud, and appears to swell with his own importance, is capable of the general command of others: the foolish, the servile, and the self-interested, only, are so swayed. I do not, in this sense, speak of hereditary power; but of the command which superior genius acquires: and I grant it is difficult to personate superior genius.

The stamp of superior genius, throughout the play, is distinct and beautiful in the character of Henry V. as drawn by Shakspeare. Whenever he speaks, the purest philosophy flows from his lips. The cheerful serenity of his soul, his comprehensive yet undaunted view of the worst that can happen, and the glory, the everlasting fame, that will crown him, should he succeed in an enterprise so perilous, are delivered with such a temperate yet such a heroic flow of soul that, while we grant the difficulty of personating qualities so exalted, and so singular, we can scarcely, on the other hand, but imagine that they must inspire and seize on the soul of the performer.

It is for this reason, that is, because the contrast is so great, that a foolish actor, in any character thus divinely drawn, becomes so intolerable and painful to an intelligent spectator.

The difficulty of personating every character is that, not only of thoroughly comprehending the meaning of the author, but, of entering precisely into the feeling; first of the scene, next of the particular speech, and lastly of the continual variations of feeling and intention, which every marking word in a sentence denotes.

This labor should be so complete, and familiar to the mind, that it ought not to have the least appearance of labor; and, were it indeed thus complete, it could not so appear, for it would no longer be labor: it would be perfect recollection, unshaken presence of mind, and, however impassioned, a delivery that would be delightfully natural. There would be neither sing-song, whining recitative, unmeaning rant, monotonous swinging of the arm, nor any of the common-place

defects (I ought to say deformities) which are too frequent on the stage.

Perhaps a student of the art of acting may best remember if the rules, which he ought to observe, be contrasted in a negative and positive form.

Thus, *of the hero.*

1. He cannot roar: yet, not a single tone of his voice can be insignificant. I speak of him on the stage. No man strains and roars with his voice, who is not foolish, or confused: for confusion of mind, while it continues, denotes folly; and a roaring voice denotes either, or both.

2. His delivery cannot be monotonous: for monotony denotes want of feeling; and he discourses only of things of the greatest moment: or, if he ever have occasion to be familiar, there is discrimination and intention in all that he utters; and monotony denotes vacancy of mind.

3. For the above reason, he cannot speak in recitative: for every approach to insipidity is the antipathy of heroism; and the recitative of stage speaking is insipidity itself. It is a grown child repeating his lesson.

4. He cannot take short steps: for they are the marks of meanness, trifling, and indecision. The qualities of the hero are exactly the reverse.

5. He cannot swing his arm, or arms, in the air; for that is monotony of action, and has all the vices that appertain to a monotonous delivery. His gestures, like his words, are decisive, dignified, and have a precise intention.

6. He cannot hold back his head: for that implies inflated self-sufficiency, and a desire of extorting slavish obedience. The hero has a consciousness that his power is acknowledged, and he only commands obedience when the want of it would be dangerous. He knows nothing of slavery; except the obedience which reason exacts be so called. Tyrants only have slaves.

7. He cannot have a cringing and contracted deportment: for that denotes both mental and bodily debility, and the consciousness of superior power is never absent from the hero.

8. He cannot stiffen and endeavour to swell his limbs: for that, once more, depicts ostentation and imbecility.

9. He cannot either so act, or speak, as to denote confusion of mind: for ordinary minds only are confused. The heroic mind has frequent doubts; but it pauses, examines, and determines: for the thing which it most abhors is indecision. The hero vanishes, whenever indecision appears.

I pretend no more than to give these rules as warnings, to actors, against failings which are much too frequent. If they are true, he cannot but deduce from them, that, the deportment of a hero ought to be dignified, yet easy; that of a perfect gentleman, yet disdainful of the gentility and mere ceremony of good breeding: immeasurably beyond them: while the varied tones of his voice, and each word that he utters, should make it evident that he fully comprehends every varied sense in which what he speaks can be understood. In brief: his presence of mind, unshaken fortitude, and especially his consummate intelligence, should approach perfection.

(*To be continued.*)

ESSAY ON DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.

(*Continued from No.* V. *p.* 354.)

THERE are three things which perhaps it is again necessary to repeat. First: if any suppositions are required of an audience, these suppositions destroy illusion, and are more or less liable to be improbable, or impossible: for example, to require the belief that two hours and a half are a day. Second: to the mind, one supposition is as easily made as another. And, lastly, the critics, who contend for the unities of time and place, require the time not to exceed twelve hours; or, at most, a day and night; and that the scene ought not to change; or, if any indulgence be granted, that it should only change once, at the end of an act.

Well convinced of the impossibility of observing these rules, I have sedulously examined the comedies, and tragedies, of the authors by whom it is pretended they have been observed; and I find that, with respect both to time and place, they have one general artifice, which, though founded in falsehood, blindfolds censure and extorts admiration.

This very simple trick is only that of being silent. They make no mention of time and place. Perhaps they will write, in the title page, the name of the place where they lay the scene, and the time in which they gratuitously suppose the action to pass.

They then begin their piece with a description of what they suppose the stage decorations ought to be; and this is seldom any thing but a hall, with doors into different apartments, generally describing such halls as were never built, and such as, according to the practice of building, it is ridiculous to suppose. Why should these advocates for probability demand a style of architecture that, however well it might suit their purpose, which in fact it seldom does, is no where to be found?

In the *Phédre*, of Racine, nothing is said of time, or place, the following words excepted: *La Scene est à Trézene, ville du Péloponnese**. This indefinite method leaves the reader to suppose he is in a palace, a street, a market place, or where he shall please. The scene painter and the author will be equally desirous that the view, or the architecture, shall be grand.

In the first scene, we are informed that Theseus has been so long absent as for Hippolytus, his son, to despair of his return. We also learn that Hippolytus loves Aricia, and is hated by his mother-in-law, Phedra. Hippolytus however informs his convenient friend, Theramenus, that he determines to go in search of his father.

Œnone then enters, and very politely desires them to leave the place; for the queen, Phedra, is coming, and adds that her illness and secret griefs are extreme. Can a spectator forbear to ask, why a sick and afflicted woman should wish to come

* The scene is Trezena, a town of Peloponnesus.

there, rather than any where else, and should send her maid, or confidant, on such a message?

Phedra sits down, and we must consequently suppose there are sofas, chairs, and furniture. State requires more.

Having revealed her secret, Panopus enters, and informs her that Theseus is dead; that Hippolytus, whom we have just seen, is informed of his death; that Athens is divided, concerning the choice of a master; and gives further information of political intrigue.

How can all this have happened in less than ten minutes, when Hippolytus was on the stage, and knew nothing of such momentous affairs?

Œnone, however, the obliging confidant, tells Phedra that she may now love Hippolytus; since Theseus, his father and her husband, is dead. Phedra retires with this hope, and the act ends.

In the same place, the princess Aricia, and *her* confidant, Ismena, begin the second act, because Hippolytus has demanded to see her *there*, though he knew it to be the favorite place of Phedra, whom he would avoid. After relating how much she loves him, and her dear Ismena giving her the sweet hope that her love is returned, Hippolytus enters, informs her that he means to depart, and secure Athens in her favor, declares his love, and is informed by his confident Theramenus, that Phedra is coming again, and is also in search of him.

Hippolytus sends Theramenus away, with orders that the signal for his departure be given, and Phedra enters. He hears her avow her passion for him with horror, politely lends her his sword to kill herself, and her death only appears to be prevented by the return of Theramenus.

After expressing his surprise to see his master pale, speechless, and without a sword, he informs Hippolytus that the sails are set, for his departure, and that Athens had already declared, by a great majority, that the son of Phedra, who is the brother of Hippolytus, should reign. A herald is arrived from Athens, and the youth is now king. He adds that there is a report that Theseus is still alive, and has been seen in Epirus.

Will not the spectator imagine (not to mention the preparation of vessels, for the departure of Hippolytus) that the transactions at Athens, the intrigues of the contending parties, as well as the arrival and departure of messengers, on both sides, must require time? I should suppose, not one day, but, several weeks must be necessary for such intercourse; and we are now only at the end of the second act.

At the beginning of Act III. we are told that people (we must suppose them to be heralds, or rather deputies, from Athens) importune Phedra to be permitted to lay the honors of that city at her feet.

We next learn that Theseus is arrived. Theseus appears, and with him Hippolytus. The scene is still unvaried.

Theseus is the hero and monarch of many countries: can he come so suddenly, without any retinue, or precursors, thus at pleasure? Is not time necessary also for the arrival of these deputies; and, briefly, for all that must take place, whenever such-like events happen?

In Act IV. after the cruel debates produced by the supposed incestuous love of Hippolytus, Theseus retires, enraged, and intending to proceed to the altar of Neptune, and pray to this his protecting god for revenge. The sacrifices made by the Greeks to their gods, when they had favors to ask, were ceremonious, and required great preparation.

Act V. begins with Aricia and Hippolytus. Theseus afterward enters, and we find that he has already sacrificed to Neptune. Panopus enters to Theseus, and informs him that Œnone has thrown herself into the sea. Theseus then, in a passing way, begs Neptune not to be too hasty in his revenge.

It is not perhaps ten minutes, after Hippolytus goes off, before Theramenus enters, and unfolds the grand catastrophe of the tragedy. The terrible tale, which he then tells, with all its preparations for action, the incidents of that action, and its conclusion, are all out of probability to have happened in so short a space of time, as that which had passed since Hippolytus had left the stage.

If there be a person on earth who, after taking a candid view of this subject, can affirm that the unities, according to the

rules prescribed by the French critics, are preserved, he is certainly a true believer in these critics, and sees with the eye of faith, not of the understanding.

However, I take every opportunity to repeat the assertion, that, if suppositions must be made by the spectator, one supposition is as easy to him as another; provided the discourse be of possible things, and that the poet be sufficiently clear and explicit.

With respect to place, it never happened in nature that a story, which must take twelve or twenty-four hours, or a longer time, in telling, should, with all its various incidents, be told in one open and public apartment, hall, street, portico, or place. The supposition is childish; and, if the spectator think at all, it must be a supposition. Surely, he can as easily suppose the action to pass in different places, since that would be not only probable but true, and by shifting the scene might pass as it were before his eyes? The more these unities are reflected on, the more mankind will be surprised at the credulity with which the pretended followers of Aristotle have been revered.

In the next number, an inquiry will be made into the poetic and dramatic evils, that arise from the observance, or rather the pretended observance, of time and place.

(*To be continued.*)

DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

IN his Dramatic Miscellanies*, Davies says—"During this century, the public had not perhaps seen a proper outline of Iago, till Charles Macklin exhibited a faithful picture of this arch villain, 1744, in the Haymarket theatre, when *Foote was his Othello.*" Those, perhaps, who are only acquainted with this admirable comedian, and writer, in his own pieces, would scarcely have imagined Foote had ever performed Othello.

Cibber persisted so obstinately in acting tragedy, that he was at last fairly hissed off the stage. When the Sophonisba of Thomson appeared, Cibber, in the character of Scipio, was as much exploded as any bad actor could be, the two first nights. Wilkes gave the part to Williams, who, marching down the

* Vol. III. p. 470.

stage, was at first mistaken for Cibber, and was saluted with the music of catcalls and a repetition of hisses; but, as soon as the spectators were undeceived, their groans were converted to loud and long applause.

Verbruggen was so passionately fond of acting Alexander the Great, at that time the hero of the actors, that, instead of Verbruggen, in the dramatis personæ to many plays, he was called Mr. Alexander*. Verbruggen was so warm of temper that he had the temerity to strike an illegitimate son of Charles II. behind the scenes of Drury-lane. After so daring an insult, he was told, if he did not publicly ask the nobleman's pardon, he must act no more, in London. To this he consented, on condition that he might express himself in his own terms, and, coming on the stage dressed for the part of Oronooko, having first acknowledged that he had called the duke of Saint A. a son of a whore, added—*It is true, and I am sorry for it.*

Calderon de la Barca, in one of his pieces, called *La Scisma D'Inglaterra*, has taken the divorce of Henry VIII. as a subject, and, according to Davies†, has not ill sustained the characters of Henry, Wolsey, and Catherine. He paints the king as conscious of criminality, and Anna Bullen as proud, insolent, ungrateful, and lascivious. By a fiction of his own, he causes her to intrigue with the French ambassador, the king to overhear their discourse, send her to the Tower in a rage, and, she being there beheaded, her dead body is afterward brought upon the stage. Calderon pays as little respect to the unities of time and place as Shakspeare.

In the character of Gardiner‡ (Shakspeare's Henry VIII.) Ben Jonson, the actor, preserved that decorum which becomes a bishop and privy counsellor. Hippisley, less chaste, added strokes of humor, that approached grimace; but Taswell's Gardiner degenerated into absolute trick and buffoonery, and, when he followed Cranmer off, he held his crutch over his head, that the ignorant and foolish might laugh. For this he sometimes paid dearly, by a well merited hiss from the judicious part of the audience.

When Theophilus Cibber was requested to contribute to the relief of Mrs. Willis§, once an excellent actress, but then old and poor, he urged that he had too large a family. "Dear, Sir! How can that be? you have neither wife nor child."—'That may be; but I have a large family of vices.'

* Vol. III. p. 446. † Vol. I. p. 434. ‡ p. 427. § p. 423.

MISCELLANIES.

*Provincial Theatres: Rudgely; Stafford; Stourport; Wrexam; and Drayton: from a Letter by the Correspondent in No. IV.**

THEATRE, RUDGELY, STAFFORDSHIRE.

TWO celebrated Rosciuses are performing, here, to about three pounds per night: Miss Swindall, who takes the whole of Master Betty's characters, and Master Marshall, who speaks prologues, and sings comic songs. Mr. Marshall, the father of this comic Orpheus, is the manager of the company, which consists of himself, three daughters, son, and son-in-law! Rolla himself, *here*, is polite enough occasionally to throw by his robes of state, and condescend to come and scrape in the orchestra, or settle the squabbles among boatmen, and colliers, in the pit. My attention was attracted, in one of the deep and most interesting scenes in *Jane Shore*, by a hoarse vulgar voice, crying out, from the gallery, "*Perish thy eyes, don't stay there, snivelling, but goa and send that* FUNNY MAN ON."

STAFFORD: AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Several gentlemen of Stafford have been performing the tragedy of *Othello*, with the farce of *The Devil to Pay*, for the benefit of poor insolvent debtors, "who," agreeably to the words of their advertisement, "were virtually lost to the world, when a few pounds might restore them to their original value, and estimation, in society." The receipts of the house were eighty-five pounds eight shillings, by means of which several of the most deserving of these unfortunate prisoners will be restored to the blessing of freedom. This is a circumstance which does great credit to the city of Stafford, and furnishes a most worthy example to the lovers of theatricals, in other places. The different characters were respectably sustained. The prices were raised on the occasion, which was excused by a motto from Shakspeare:

> *Charity, like* "mercy, is not strain'd;
> It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
> Upon the place beneath."

* The spirited intelligence of this correspondent cannot but be kindly received, and gratefully acknowledged.

Dress of Mrs. H. Johnston,
in the Venetian Outlaw.

A Bannyan.

A Sircar.

A Jummadar.

THEATRE, STOURPORT, WORCESTERSHIRE.

Mr. Crisp's company have lately opened here, but with very indifferent success. Master Crisp, the most successful of the second Rosciuses, is a brother of the manager of this company, and has been introduced in his circuit. The relationship being known, the people suspected its being a run on their credulity, and, though he has played Master Betty's characters at most of the same theatres, with nearly an equal degree of success, he performed under his brother to silent four and five pound houses! So much for the discrimination of audiences. Stourport has not been accustomed to theatrical performances. Two boatmen, going into the pit one night, when there were few people in the house, after remaining a short time, returned and stood at the door; when, one of their brethren coming up, asked them if the play had begun. They replied, "No;" and advised him not to go in at present, as there were two gentlemen just come in (meaning on the stage) who seemed to have some *private business with each other*. The principal fiddler in this company is occasionally an actor, and, when his parts are very short, he stands up and delivers his part of the dialogue in the orchestra.

THE WREXAM THEATRE has lately closed. Mrs. Bew, in this company, is an actress of considerable merit. Miss Johnstone, though very young, is a handsome stage figure, and a pretty dancer.

THEATRE AT DRAYTON, SHROPSHIRE. This theatre opened on the 8th of May, under the management of Mr. Stanton. At the performance of Pizarro, a few years ago, at this place, when the high priests were addressing the sun, it unfortunately *took fire*, and the manager, who was officiating, first implored his deity—"Oh, power divine!"—then called out to the people behind—"*D—n your e—s, put out the sun.*" The manager, alas, continued to swear, and the sun to blaze, to the no small amusement of the audience.

AN ESSAY ON STAGE COSTUME.

Of the enchanting effects produced by the dramatic art the public testify their great sensibility, by the delight with which

they spend their time and money to procure for themselves such pleasures. To witness the working of the passions is the grand source of entertainment; but it has essential and seducing auxiliaries, among which the reality and the precision of decoration may justly rank, as the first. In proportion as the illusion is complete, the delight of the spectator is increased.

It is almost within the memory of man that the negligence, or rather total neglect, of costume was so great as for the most absurd and ridiculous errors to be nightly practised, on the stage. In France, Italy, and England, the heroes of Greece and Rome were every where though differently caricatured, in their external appearance. In one place, they had short hooped petticoats; in another, full-bottomed wigs; and in a third, cast court dresses, bought in Monmouth-street, at London, and *La Fripperie* at Paris, or obtained by such means as were within the power of the players.

A more accurate investigation of this subject has every where lately begun to be encouraged. Numerous absurdities still prevail; but they are less violent, and daily diminishing. Mr. J. P. Kemble, and Mr. Johnson, machinist at Drury Lane, have judiciously and meritoriously contributed to their reform, which has been promoted also by many others.

A rational, and we may say almost exquisite part of the delight, which a spectator receives, is that of having his mind suddenly transported to all the appearances of time and place, which agree with the descriptions given by the poet.

If the scene be in Turkey, what coincidence, what immediately just associations, and what stealing pleasures come over the mind, at beholding mosques, minarets, flowing robes, turbans, and mustachios, with all the appurtenances that belong to them! It is no longer a playhouse, or a player, but reality itself: no fiction of the poet, but an action, that passes in sight and hearing, in which every thing so corresponds that the conviction of its existence cannot be resisted.

Another night, the scene lies in the age of chivalry, and the architecture, habits, and manners, of our famed ancestors rise in view: the solemn Gothic hall, lances, helmets, and armour; or, if these be not worn, the dresses of the age are seen.

Russians, Tartars, or nations of the East, perhaps rise to view; no matter from what quarter of the globe, be it Lapland, China, Peru, the woolly Negro, or the straight-haired Hindoo; and each country is more easily realized by appearances than by language. Their dress and colour scarcely can be mistaken; their idioms, sentiments, and passions, are difficult indeed to seize.

These being facts, it follows that one essential branch of the study of the drama, for stage representation, is costume; and, for this reason, considerable expence and trouble have been incurred, in the present work, to diffuse accurate knowledge on

this subject. Those who imagine that the plates of costume have been given merely as pretty pictures, to invite purchasers, are greatly mistaken in the views with which the Theatrical Recorder is undertaken. As far as the author has the ability, it is intended to be a classical Repertory, for every thing appertaining to the drama; of which costume appears to be an essential part. If the scene be laid in India, among the Hindoos and converted Mahomedans, the plates that have been given, and that will appear, it is presumed, will furnish nearly complete examples of the different classes, or casts, which the poet may have occasion to introduce. The figures on this subject, are transcripts, done from engravings made and published in India. When this costume is complete, another will be given.

It would be less expensive and much more easy, to give pretended representations of this or that actor, in any favorite and impassioned character: but how few of these vaunted figures have had any the least resemblance to truth and nature? Of what value have they been? If we except a few masterly performances, by great artists, the residue are not worthy to be pasted on fire-screens.

If figures of costume have nothing else in their favor, they have at least the merit of being faithful, with respect to dress and picturesque effect; and have therefore a certain and invariable value.

It is not in the least intended to blame those who may think, or have thought, differently; but it is hoped they will coolly exercise their judgment, and examine the nature and the utility of the subject.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor respectfully returns thanks to W. R. both for the friendly intention of his letter and the good opinion he is pleased to express. With respect to the subject of it, he takes the liberty to refer him to the above Essay on Costume, which he hopes will convince him and every reader that a collection of figures displaying the costume of the various nations of the earth will, if formed, become a useful source of instruction and amusement.

MONTHLY LIST, FOR APRIL AND MAY, 1805.

DRURY-LANE.

APRIL

29. The Country Girl (Benefit. Mr. Bannister) - - - - - - - - - - Personation, and Comus.
30. The Honey Moon - - - - - - - The Soldier's Return.

MAY

1. The Wonder - - - - - - - - - - Ditto.
2. King Richard III. (Benefit. The Young Roscius) - - - - - - - - The Prize.
3. First Love - - - - - - - - - - - The Soldier's Return.
4. The Venetian Outlaw - - - - - Ditto.
6. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Ditto.

7. The Belles' Stratagem - - - - - The Soldier's Return.
8. The Venetian Outlaw - - - - - Sylvester Daggerwood, and Ditto.
9. First Love - - - - - - - - - - Ditto.
10. The Honey Moon - - - - - - - The Devil to Pay.
11. The Beggar's Opera - - - - - - Bon Ton.
13. All in the Wrong (Benefit. Miss De Camp) - - - - - - - - - - The Castle of Sorrento.
14. The Wheel of Fortune (by Com.) The Anatomist.
15. The Soldier's Daughter (Benefit. Mrs. Mountain) - - - - - - - All for Fame, and The Poor Soldier.
16. The Country Girl - - - - - - - The Soldier's Return.
17. Know your own Mind (Benefit. Miss Duncan) - - - - - - - - The Scotch Ghost, and Rosina.
18. The Honey Moon - - - - - - - The Soldier's Return.
20. As You Like It (Benefit. Mrs. Jordan) - - - - - - - - - - - Matrimony.
21. The Merry Wives of Windsor (Benefit. Mr. Palmer, Miss Mellon) - - - - - - - - - - - True Lover's Knot, and The Castle of Sorrento.
22. The School for Scandal (Benefit. Miss Pope) - - - - - - - - - - Personation, and Comus.
23. The Wonder - - - - - - - - - - The Soldier's Return.
24. Crazy Jane (Benefit. Mr. Kelly) Youth, Love, and Folly, and Blanche Queen of Castile.

COVENT-GARDEN.

APRIL
29. Hamlet (Master Betty) - - - - - The Village Lawyer.
30. Who wants a Guinea? - - - - - Lock and Key.

MAY
1. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Harlequin Quicksilver.
2. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Ditto.
3. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - The Review.
4. Douglas (Master Betty) - - - - Honest Thieves.
6. Tancred and Sigismunda - - - - The Prisoner at Large.
7. Who wants a Guinea? - - - - - Peeping Tom.
8. King Richard the Third - - - - The Miser.
9. Fontainbleau (Benefit. Mr. Incledon) - - - - - - - - - - - The Priest of the Parish, and Animal Magnetism.
10. Zara - - - - - - - - - - - - - The Priest of the Parish.
11. Douglas (Master Betty) - - - - Ditto.
13. Hamlet (Ditto) - - - - - - - - Ditto.
14. The School of Reform (Benefit. Mr. Munden) - - - - - - - - Ramah-Droog.
15. Douglas (Master Betty) - - - - The Priest of the Parish.
16. The Surrender of Calais - - - - The Lake of Lausanne.
17. Barbarossa (Master Betty) - - - Marian.
18. Douglas (Ditto) - - - - - - - - The Tale of Mystery.
20. Hamlet (Ditto) - - - - - - - - The Miser.
21. Douglas (Ditto) - - - - - - - - Rosina.
22. Othello (Ben. Mrs. Litchfield) - British Fortitude, and The Irish Widow.
23. Hamlet (Benefit. Master Betty) The Jew and the Doctor.
24. The Cabinet (Benefit. Mr. Hill) The Lake of Lausanne.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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